

Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

December 1943

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KCC



Good
Looks

STORIES
Gadgets

Movies

FASHIONS

Things
to Do

PICTURE
STORIES
Etiquette

PATTERNS FOR PARTIES

New! Cinderella knit-knacks

COME OUT OF COLD STORAGE, CHICKS. YOU'LL SNARE YOUR O-A-O- IN MY DUCKY FASCINATOR.

AS A FASCINATOR OR 'KERCHIEF ITS P38 DATE BAIT

"DUCKY FASCINATOR"
APPLIQUED 'KERCHIEF
ABOUT \$125 AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE
Sorry, No Direct Orders Accepted
Write for Name of Nearest Dealer to

Cinderella knit-knacks

29 West 34th Street
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WEAR MY DUCKY FASCINATOR AS A 'KERCHIEF FOR THAT PIN-UP GAL GLAMA

WE'LL STRIP MY GEARS AND CALL ME SHIFTLESS IF THAT DUCKY FASCINATOR DOESN'T GET AROUND!

P. S. Don't Forget to Tell Santa You Want a "DUCKY FASCINATOR" for Christmas!

SOME OF BETTY WASON'S
TRUE EXPERIENCES AS A

REPORTER AT WAR



IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, IN 1938,
WHEN BETTY WAS A FREE-
LANCE REPORTER FOR
TRANSRADIO PRESS...

I HEARD A
RUMOR THAT
PRESIDENT
BENES IS
RESIGNING,
MISS WASON.

THE
AUTHORITIES
WILL
PROBABLY
HAND OUT
AN OFFICIAL
STORY ON
IT TODAY.

EVERYWHERE
YOU SEE
THOUSANDS
OF PEOPLE
FLEEING BEFORE
THE NAZI
INVADERS.

I WISH
WE WERE
ALLOWED
TO GET
FIRSTHAND
INFORMATION
FROM THE
PEOPLE.

WHERE
ARE YOU
OFF TO
NOW,
BETTY?

I'VE BEEN
MADE STAFF
CORRESPONDENT
IN STOCKHOLM
FOR THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM. NOW I'M
AFTER INSIDE
STORIES ONLY.



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STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, SHORTLY AFTER THE NAZI INVASION OF NORWAY...

READY TO GO ON THE AIR, MISS WASON?

YES, BUT I'M NERVOUS. THIS IS MY FIRST OVERSEAS BROADCAST.

HELLO, AMERICA! I AM GOING TO TELL YOU HOW KING HAAKON OF NORWAY FLED FROM OSLO PURSUED BY NAZI BOMBERS.

AFTER THE BROADCAST...

THAT WAS A WONDERFUL ACCOUNT YOU GAVE, BETTY.

I WANT MORE STORIES LIKE THAT SO I'M PLANNING TO GO INTO THE BATTLE ZONE IN NORWAY.

YOU CANNOT ENTER NORWAY. YOU MUST RETURN TO STOCKHOLM AT ONCE.

BETTY TOOK ANOTHER ROUTE AND MANAGED TO SLIP INTO NORWAY UNDETECTED.

I'M A REPORTER. WILL YOU GIVE ME AND MY PHOTOGRAPHER A RIDE INTO NORWAY?

IT'S A DANGEROUS TRIP, MISS. A LITTLE FARTHER IN THE GERMANS ARE ATTACKING.

I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN GO ON.

BUT THE BIG NEWS IS IN THE SOUTH. I MUST GET THERE.

LET'S RISK TAKING THEM THROUGH, PAPA, SO OUR STORY CAN BE TOLD TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

IN A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTHERN NORWAY...

THE NAZIS ARE JUST A FEW MILES AWAY AND THERE ARE SOME BRITISH SOLDIERS DOWN THE STREET.

BRITISH SOLDIERS! THEY'RE THE ONES FOR ME.

BUT THE ONLY SOLDIERS SHE FOUND WERE THE WOUNDED, LEFT BEHIND BY THE RETREATING BRITISH FORCES.

THE BRITISH ARE EVACUATING NORWAY. THEY'RE LEAVING IT TO THE NAZIS.

I HAVE A SCOOP IN THIS IF I CAN GET BACK TO STOCKHOLM BEFORE THE NAZIS CATCH ME.

THE RETURN TRIP WAS EVEN HARDER THAN THE TRIP OUT.

HELLO. CAN'T YOU GET THROUGH?

WE'VE BEEN STUCK HERE FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

THEN MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO COVER THE LAST TEN MILES ON FOOT.

THIS STORY WILL MAKE ME AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

IF WE DON'T FREEZE BEFORE WE GET TO STOCKHOLM.

BETTY REACHED HER RADIO STATION JUST IN TIME!

I'M ALMOST TOO TIRED TO TALK... IMPORTANT AS THIS STORY IS.

BUCK UP! YOU'RE ON THE AIR.

BUT THE NEXT DAY...

I HATE TO TELL YOU, MISS WASON, BUT THAT BROADCAST DIDN'T REACH AMERICA BECAUSE OF ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.

WHAT! AND NOW THE OTHER REPORTERS HAVE SCOOPED ME BY CABLE.

NOW THAT NORWAY HAS FALLEN, I'M HEADING SOUTH TO FOLLOW THE WAR. I HAVE MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ASSIGNMENTS TO FILL.

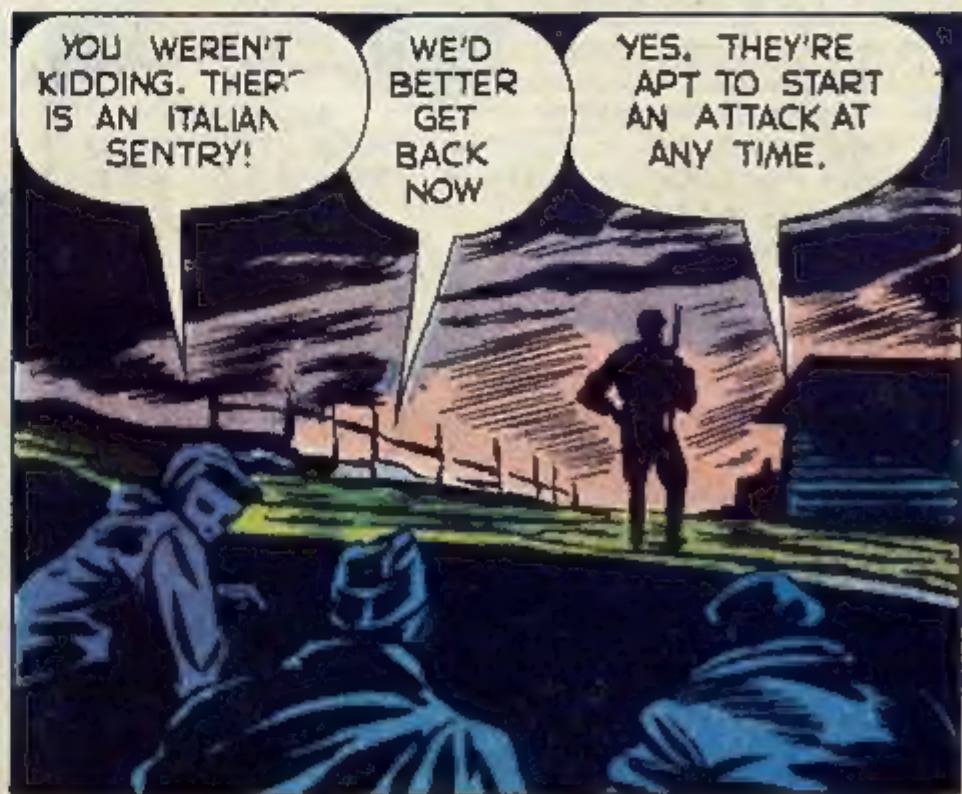
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN TURKEY..

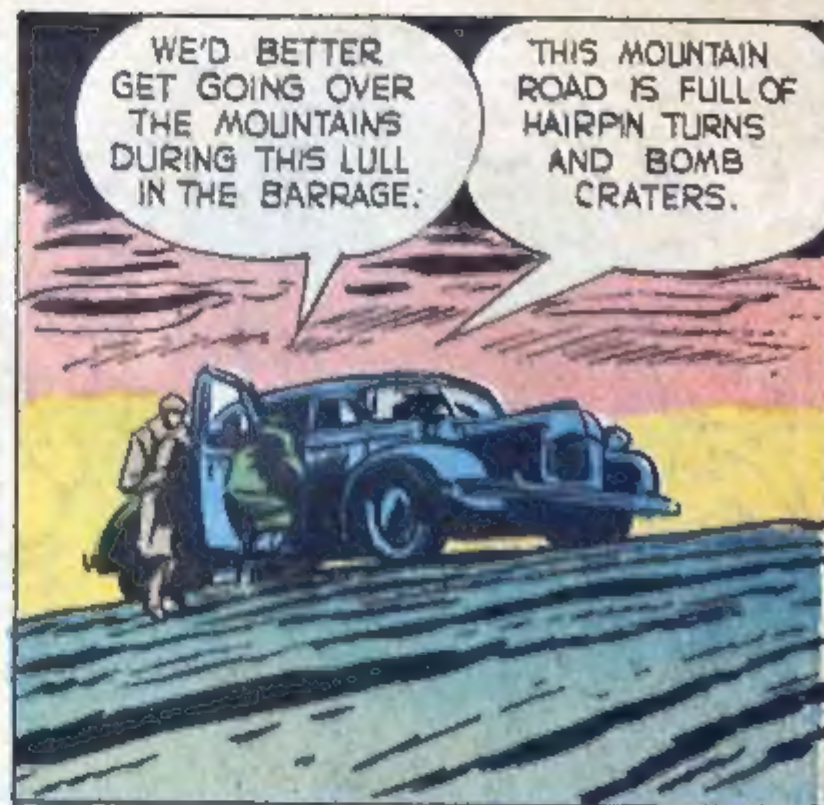


AND LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE RUSSIAN VICE-CONSUL IN TURKEY...



THE TURKS HESITATED TO LET BETTY LEAVE THE COUNTRY, BUT SHE FINALLY GOT TO GREECE DURING ITS WAR WITH ITALY.







Melting-Pot BLUES

Angie, Angela, or Angelina—they all added up to one thoroughly American girl no matter what her background

By HELEN CIANCIMINO

Tony removed the wing and the sandpaper gently from her hands and put them on the worktable, cluttered with plane parts and models in all stages.

"Well, gosh, dodo," he muttered, "why the onion eyes if you had fun?"

Angie couldn't blame him for being perplexed, but how could she explain it to him? Last night, if you'd told her she'd end up crying, she would have thought you were crazy. Last night was one of those perfect times you hug to your heart forever. For ten days she had looked forward to last night and for a while it had been even more wonderful than she dreamed.

Last night really began in September when the new music teacher came to Glendale Junior-Senior High School. Angie was so excited waiting for him to put in his appearance that first day in the auditorium that she didn't even pay much attention to Leslie St. John sitting next to her—Leslie who was a senior, like Tony, and who was Angie's idol. Leslie who was pretty, smart, popular, and a good musician. Last year, when she was an eighth grader, Angie

Leslie whispered, "Angie, it's your turn to invite him next. Aren't you thrilled?"

IF YOU keep on sandpapering much longer," Tony remarked critically, "you're not going to have any wing left."

"Who's making this plane, you or me?" his sister flared, but somehow there was no heart in her anger. Inside she knew she was just taking out on Tony something that wasn't his fault. She bent her head low over the model Dauntless she was working on and continued to sandpaper viciously, lips set.

But Tony wasn't to be discouraged. He moved away from the garage door and sauntered over to the corner they had always shared as a workshop. When you looked at Tony, you were always sur-

prised that a seventeen-year-old boy could be so big and awkward and at the same time so—so coordinated. He teetered a minute on the edge of a frail-looking orange crate, before he asked, "What's the matter with you, Angie? You've been out of sorts all day."

Angie wanted to cry and to shout at the same time. She started to flare up again, but at the thought that Tony would see the tears in her eyes or hear them in her voice, she sat in stubborn silence.

"Didn't you have a good time at the St. Johns' last night?" he persisted.

"I had a w-wonderful time," Angie choked, and now the tears slid down her face, and dripped down onto the plywood.

had been proud just to play in the orchestra with someone as wonderful as Leslie St. John.

"There he is now," Angie cried, and both girls sat on the edge of their chairs to get first look.

"He's not very good looking," Leslie whispered. But just then the new music teacher began to talk, and Leslie and everyone else shut up and that was the beginning.

"My name is Stephen Howard," the new music teacher said quietly, and his eyes behind their glasses smiled at each one of them and his voice was warm and smiling. "I'm delighted to be here," he went on, "because last spring I heard your orchestra in the state competition, and when you finished playing I knew that you'd walk off with the first prize this year."

Everybody was crazy about Mr. Howard, almost immediately, but the orchestra would have done anything for him. The day he walked over to the piano after rehearsal, his face proud as a flag on parade,

Angie's heart sounded like "The Anvil Chorus."

"You haven't the technique yet, Angela," he said, "but you have the feeling that great pianists have."

Inside Angie made a vow that she'd practice two hours every day to get the technique, too.

It was only a few weeks after school started that the orchestra decided that Glendale was lonely for Mr. Howard and they planned a campaign for each to get his parents in turn to invite Mr. Howard to dinner.

"He's a bachelor," Leslie St. John said, "and he doesn't know a soul in town, so we should get him started."

Everyone approved, especially Angie who wanted him to like Glendale well enough to stay forever—or at least until she finished high school. One by one they invited him to their homes and Mr. Howard became so much a part of the town you couldn't believe he'd only been there a few months. Finally, there were just two of them left who hadn't in-

vited him—Leslie St. John and Angie Orlando. Leslie had waited for her parents to come back from Washington. And Angie had waited because she was the youngest in the orchestra and had thought she should come last.

Angie was standing in the hall talking to Tony the Thursday noon that Leslie came rushing up.

"They're back, Angie, and he's coming a week from Saturday, and we want you to accompany him," she spilled out on one breath.

And Angie was so overwhelmed that she hardly heard Tony's laughing question, "Who's back and who's coming and what's Angie going to accompany?"

For ten days until the Saturday night, until last night, Angie lived in a dream. When, at last, she walked up to the St. John home, she knew what the novelists meant when they wrote that a heroine "floated across the room." She, Angie Orlando, was floating right

(Continued on page 38)

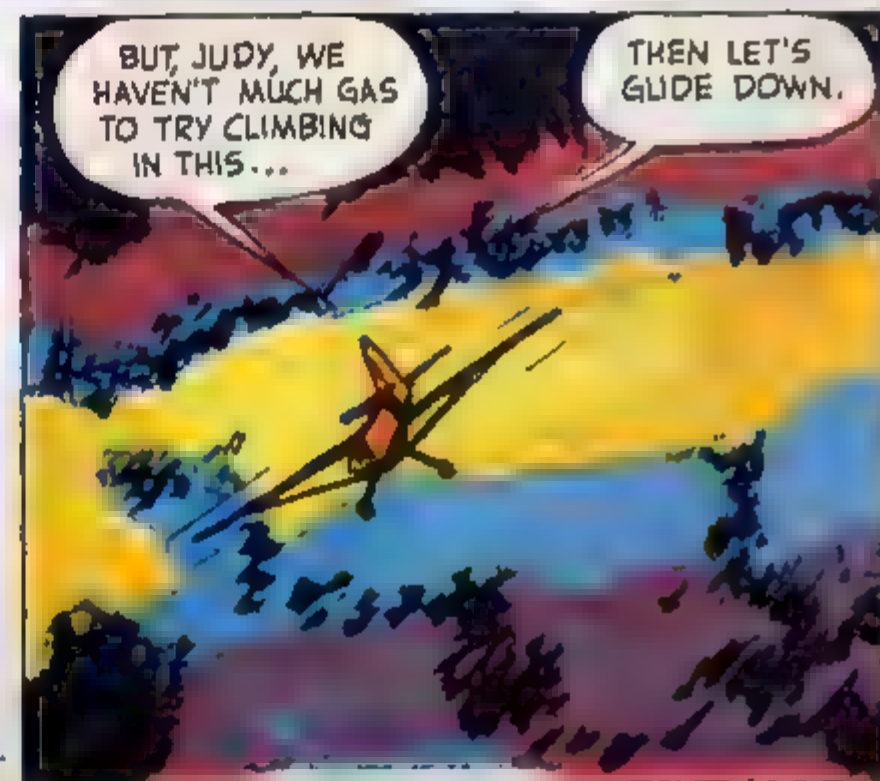
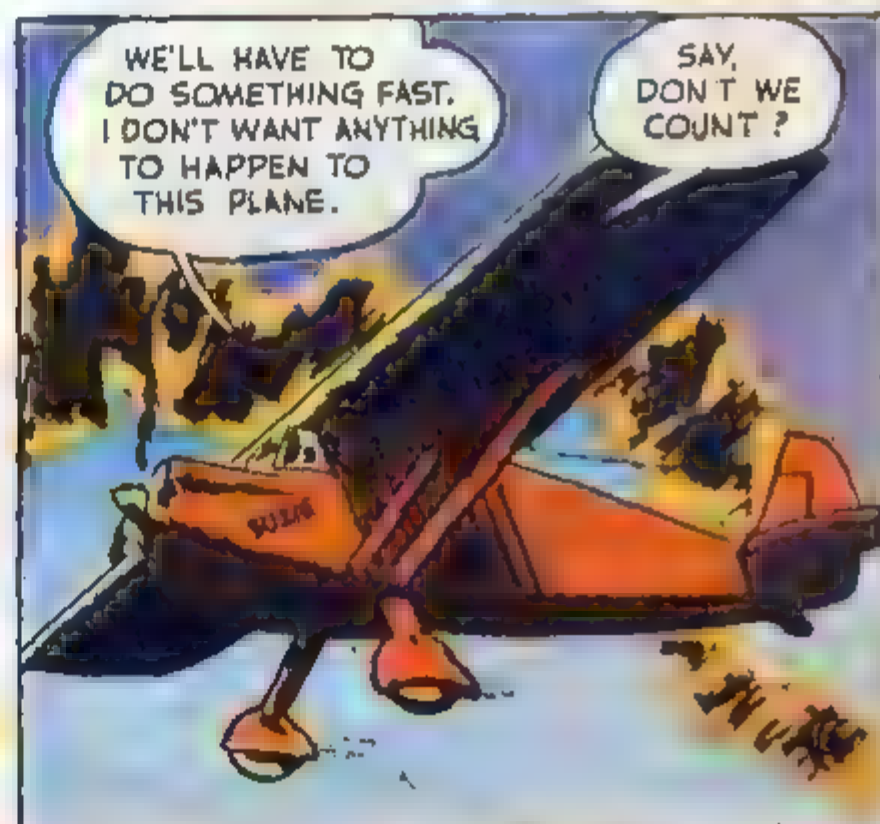
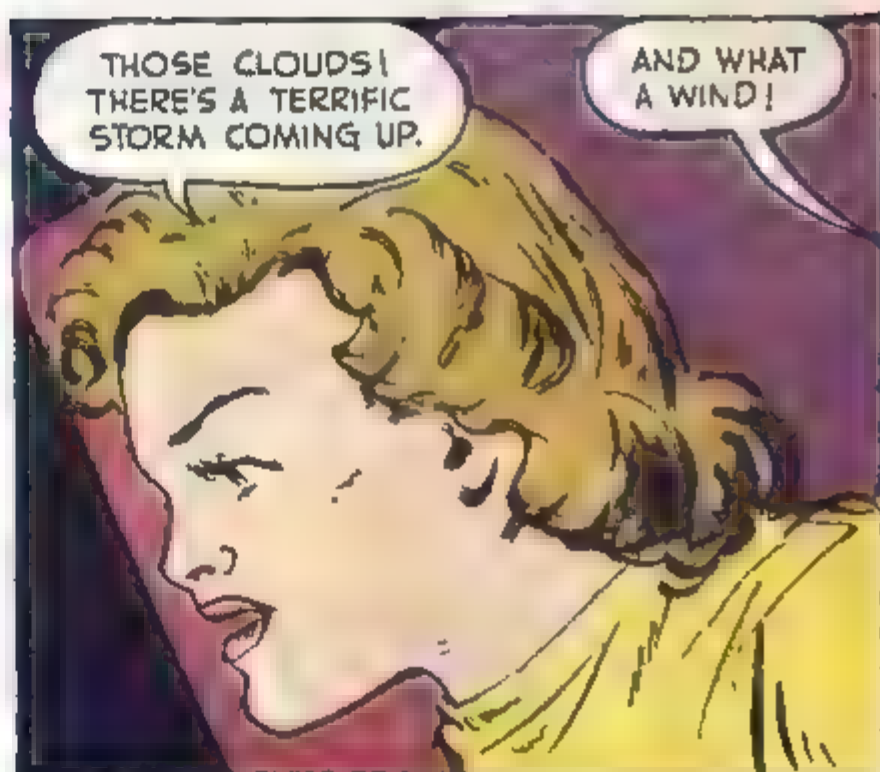
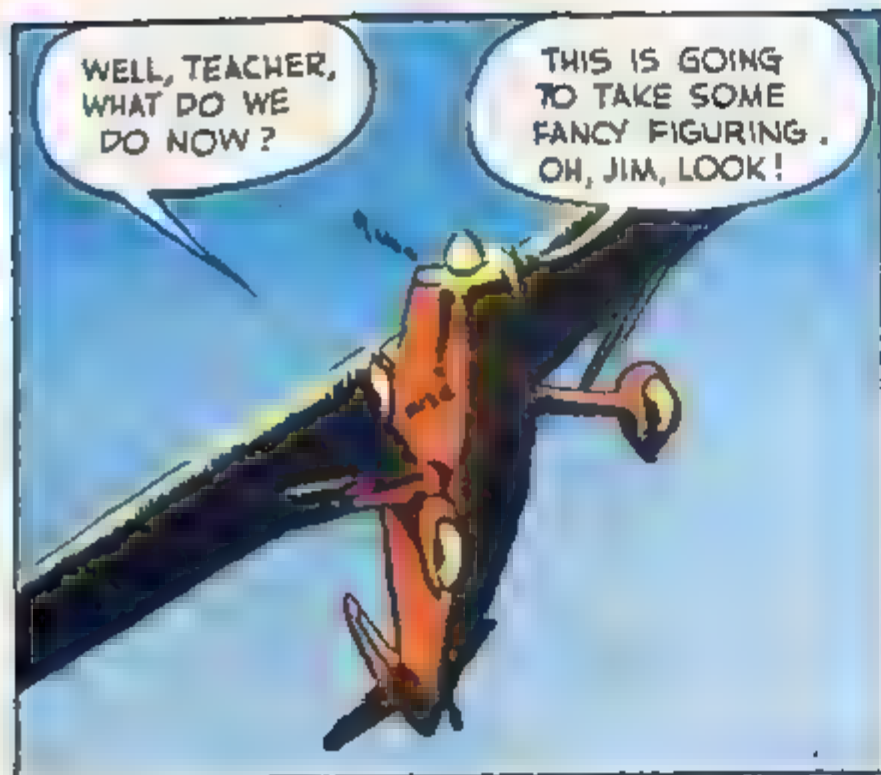


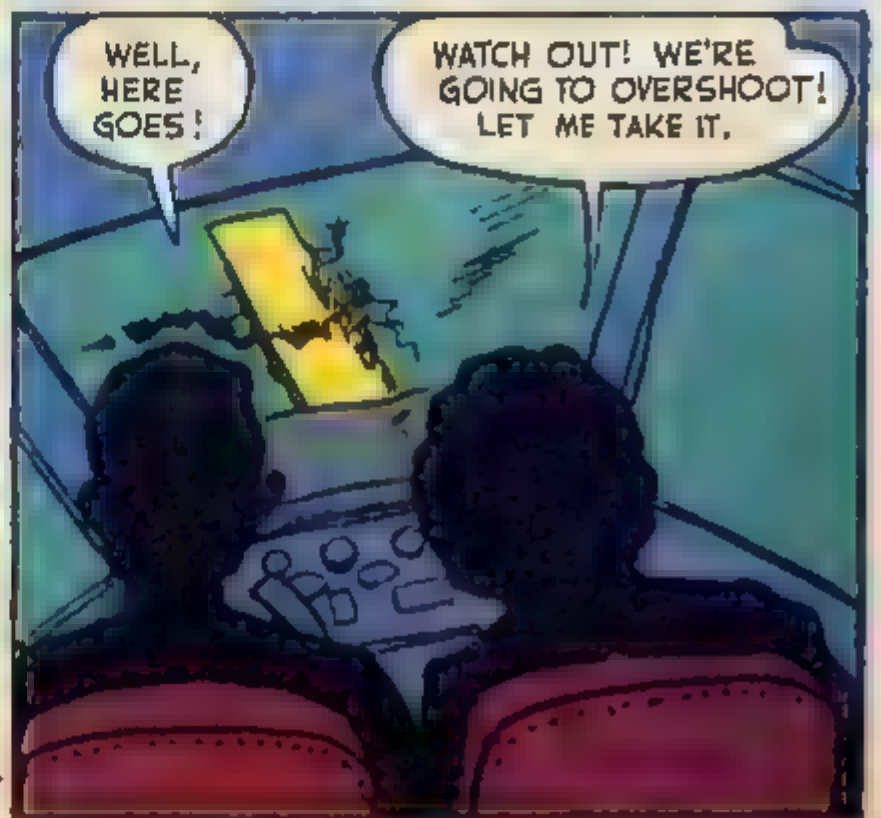
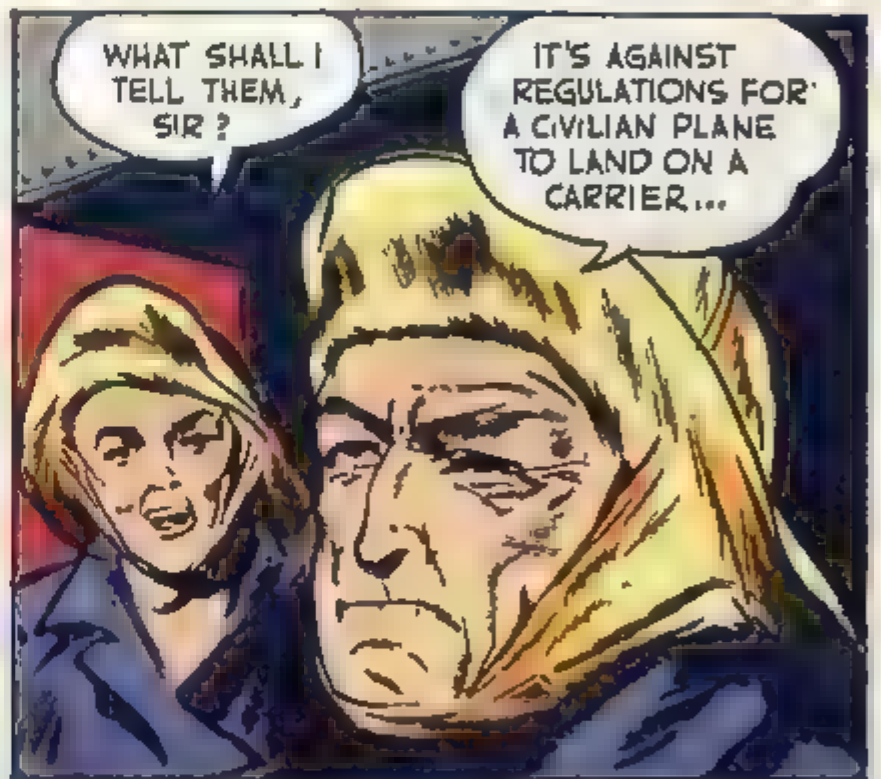
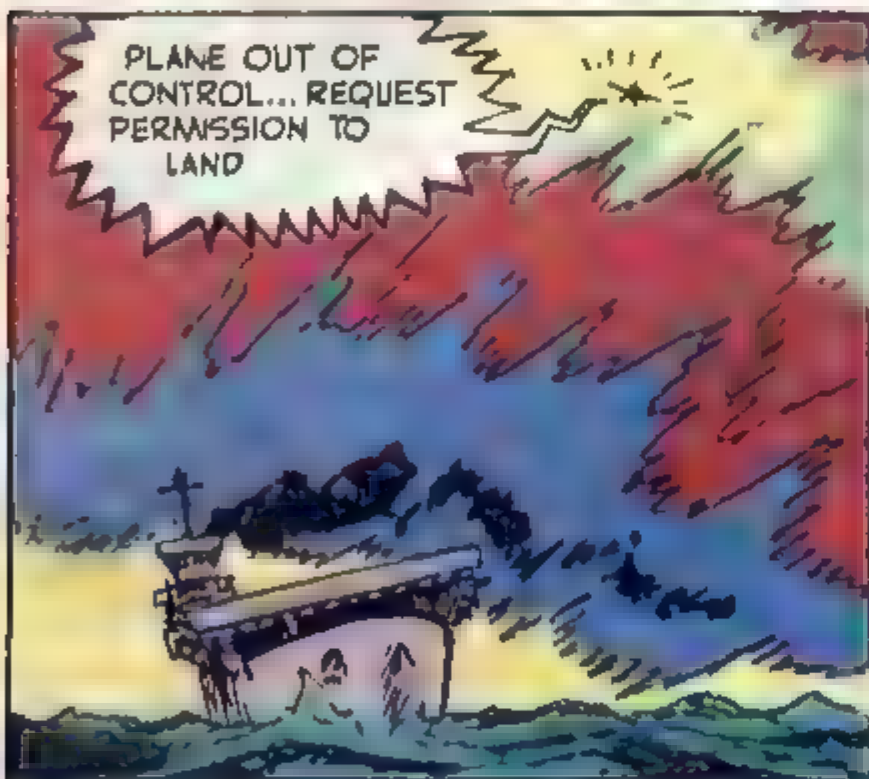
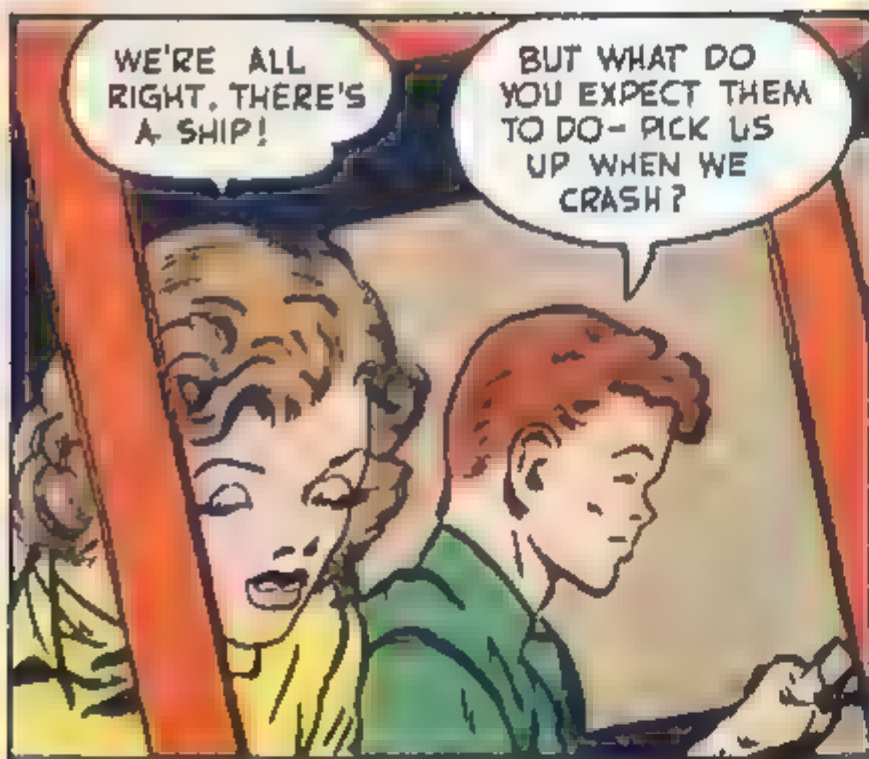
Mom and Pop pushed their way through before Angie could stop them. Her cheeks were hot with embarrassment.

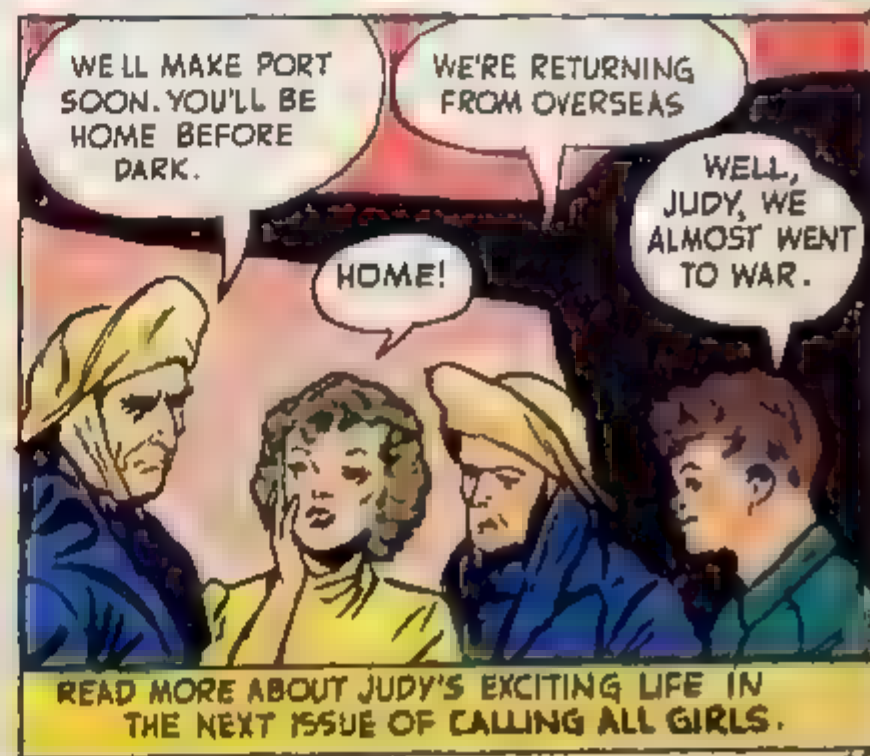
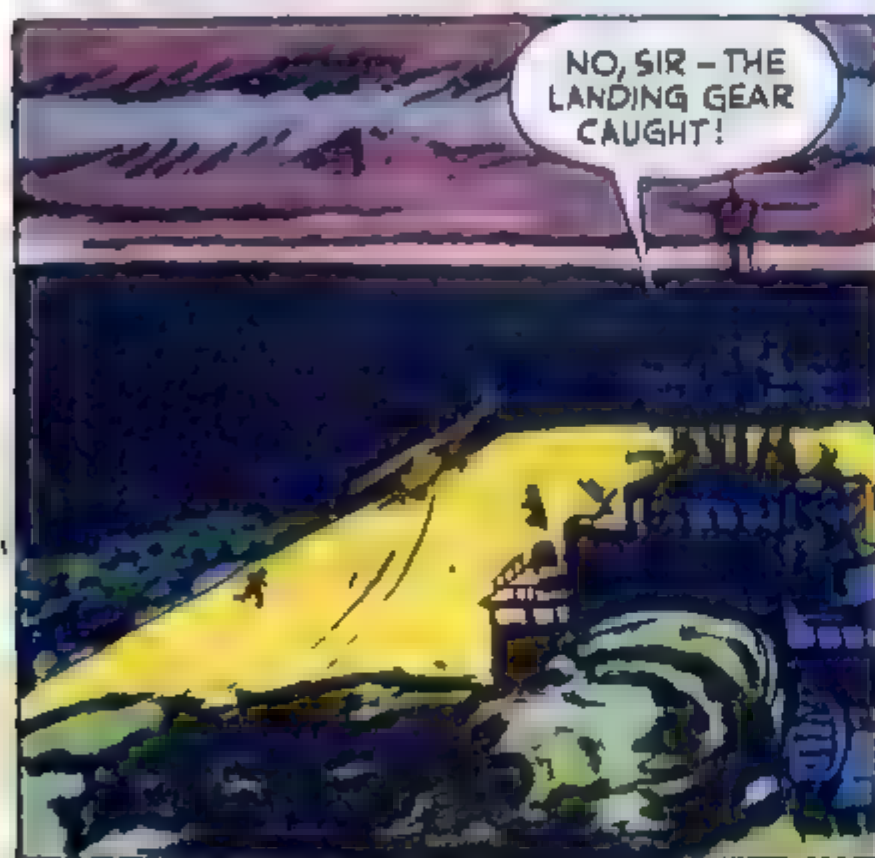
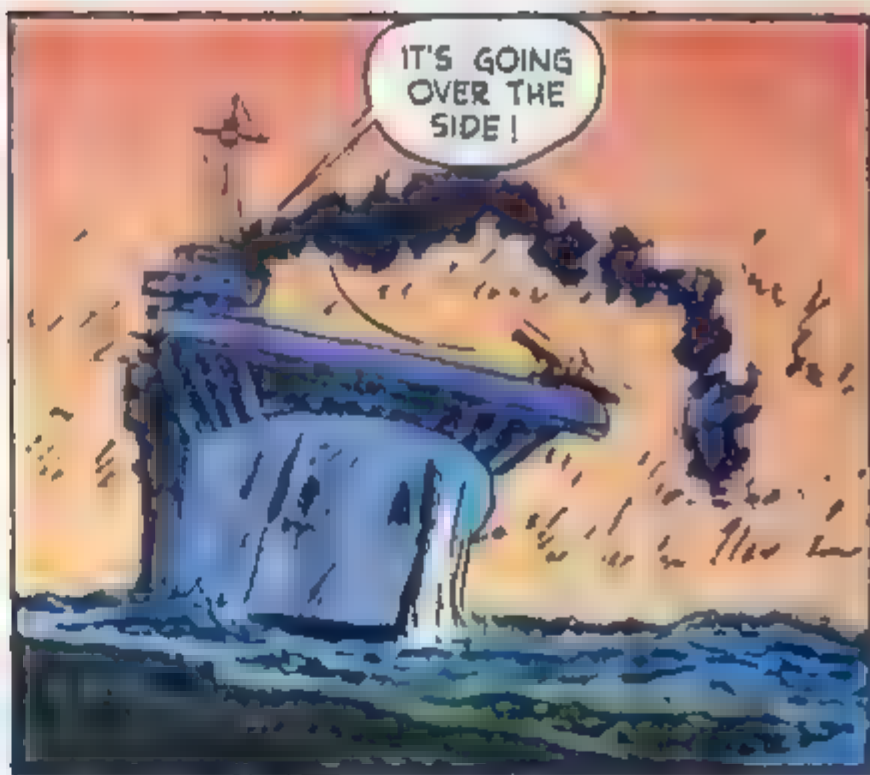
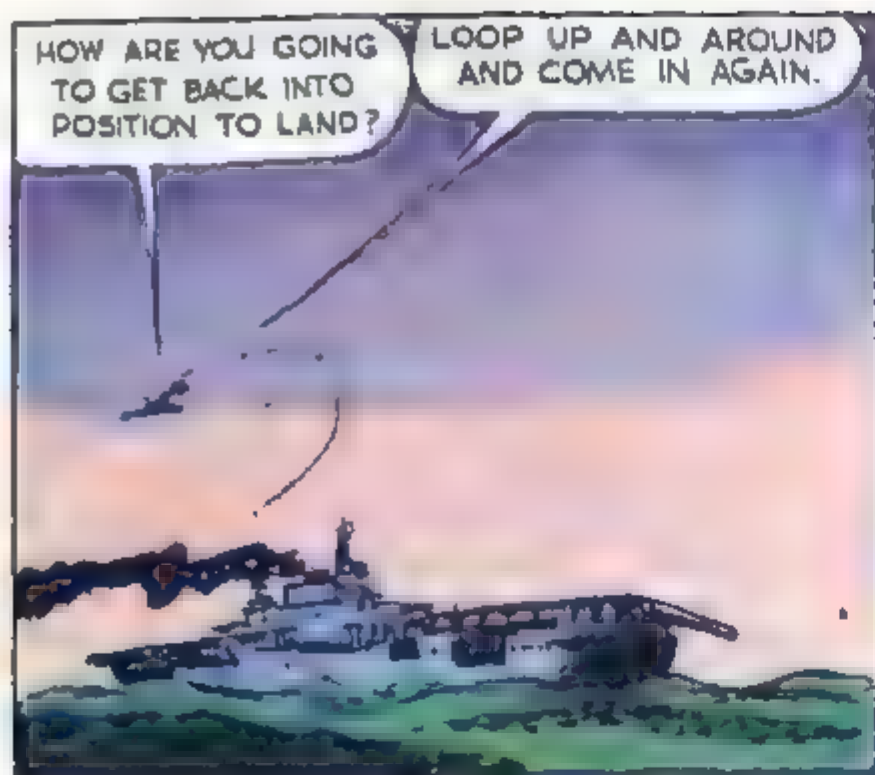
JUDY WING

SHE GOES OVER SEAS











From her hiding place, Jane saw the sailor pin Olav's arms behind him. She heard the boy's proud answer to the German officer.

ALL *for* ONE

These girls and boys of Canada's Gaspé made an important discovery when they got mixed up with a Nazi submarine

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

WELL, if that's the way you feel about it . . ."
Jane whirled on her heel away from Pierre.

"It is true!" Pierre insisted. "You—you English-Canadians—you think you are the main people, the important people. And it is not so. We, the French-Canadians, we have been here longer, we opened

the country to colonization, we are the true Canadians. And yet, I must even learn English to speak to you, rather than you learning French!"

"There are more of us," Jane snapped.

"That is just so," Pierre said. "There are more of you and you think, therefore, you can tell us what we must do. We know how to live, we of Quebec! This is our land, this Gaspé!"

His arm swept over the pine-

grown cliff's edge where they stood, taking in the rising hills behind and the steep incline to the cove below them, and, beyond, the gray reaches of November-sullen Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"Perhaps you would explain. To me, it seemed all of you were Canadian." Olav Arnulf Larsen spoke in his singing accent, shaking his long, fair forelock out of his eye and grinning at the two angry debaters.

"Let me tell you." Celeste, her gentle face troubled, spoke before her brother Pierre, or Jane, could get in a word.

(Continued on page 26)

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5—Model for a winner. Corinne Crow (left), of St. Francis, Wis., was elected the best model at the CALLING ALL GIRLS' fashion show held at Gimbel's Milwaukee, Wis., store. A sophomore at St. Mary's Academy, 15-year-old Corinne wants to be a professional fashion model. Nancy Pepper congratulates Corinne and the other girls on their fine modeling. At the CALLING ALL GIRLS' Clubs, now being conducted by leading stores throughout the country, the members see fashions designed especially for them, modeled by girls just like them from the group.





New BOOKS for You

Here's pleasure reading to keep you happy through all the long winter evenings, and all the books were okayed by Junior Readers

By RUTH GARVER GAGLIARDO

HERE is real news: Girls have been discovered! The book publishers have discovered you and, to make up for years of neglect, have really gone all out for girls with a grand lot of new books — mysteries, historical and present-day fiction, short stories, and biography. A group of girls designated as the Junior Readers read the new books as they came in and helped in the not-easy task of selection.

A war story and a real mystery is Kitty Barne's *We'll Meet in England* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), the moving story of fifteen-year-old Hertha Larson and her younger brother Rudy who make a thrilling escape from Norway to England in a crazy little boat skippered by a shipwrecked British sailor. Their rescue of a British flyer lost at sea keeps the action moving at a fast pace and the end, hinted at in the title, is altogether satisfying. An engrossing mystery about a girl mining engineer who encounters adventure aplenty in locating strategic war metals is

Hurricane Mystery (Random House, \$2.00), by Sarah Lindsay Schmidt.

Erick Berry has given you another mystery connected with the war and saboteurs and also an American back-to-the-farm movement in *The Land Is There* (Oxford University Press, \$2.00). Cloris Carr, her brother Stew, her Aunt Harper, and her father go back to the old Carr farm one summer to sell it. Stew and Cloris get interested in building up the place. The Carrs are finally accepted into the life of the neighborhood, a life which Cloris finds much more fun than the more artificial one she has known in the city. A series of mysterious events all aimed at discouraging the Carrs from remaining on the land result finally in the discovery and arrest of a nest of saboteurs who have been using an old mine near-by as a hideout.

Lavinia Davis' *Stand Fast and Reply* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00) is another back-to-the-farm story. This one is about Bitsy Close, her younger brother, and an artist-mother

who share an aunt's farm in Ohio for the duration. Cousin Bruce and his devoted young wife, Margaret, the ambitious and artificial Lieutenant Byrd, Tim, faithful to the land and the living things upon it, all play their part in helping Bitsy in one year of growing to find herself and the realities for which she longs.

Girls who like to do plays will love *Swish of the Curtain* (Winston, \$2.00) which was written by fifteen-year-old Pamela Brown, an English girl, herself a member of just such a group of young amateurs as the one she writes about so skillfully. These English girls and boys find a tiny old church building with a perfect stage, write and produce their own plays, finally—and successfully—take part in a play festival.

In Terry Carvel's *Theater Caravan* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), Alma Sasse gives you a college girl who organizes and directs a successful community theater project, 1943 model. Another book of the theater is Gladys Malvern's *Curtain Going Up: The Story of Katharine Cornell* (Messner, \$2.50). Here is Kit Cornell in all her loveliness—as child, girl, woman, and artist. You'll find yourself reading this as eagerly as if it were a novel, and it is as exciting.

Pocahontas (Dodd, Mead,



\$2.50), by Mildred Criss, is another biography that reads like a story. This life story of a real American princess was given first place by one of the Junior Readers.

There are many historical novels in this year's books, none more popular among the Junior Readers than *Beckoning Star: A Story of Old Texas* (Dutton, \$2.00), by Myna Lockwood. This is the story of Margot Paine, fourteen, who makes it imperative that her adored, handsome, and somewhat good-for-nothing older brother, Lee, leave New Orleans and his companions to set out for the Texas Territory which is being opened to American settlers. How Lee finally comes through makes an exciting story.

The Five Gold Sovereigns (Stokes, \$2.00), by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis, takes you back to the days of Thomas Jefferson when American democracy was first becoming a reality. The heroine, Anne Farnsworth, is a mischievous, irresponsible girl when the story opens. Trying to earn the five gold sovereigns promised by her father, she learns what the colonies are fighting for and accepts responsibility for the young slave boy whose ownership she had assumed so lightly in the story's beginning.

In *Jonathan's Doorstep* (Longmans, Green, \$2.25) Helen Fernald tells the story of Caroline Cornelius, who lives in a historic New England house built in 1691 by the first Jonathan Thacher. A group of foreign students who have taken refuge in the United States and Martin, a young teacher from the West, awaken

Caroline to the meaning of her old house and to her own responsibility as a Thacher, an American, and a citizen of the world. This is a serious story but a satisfying one, too, and with a love interest that will hold its readers.

Quite different and equally popular with the Junior Readers is *The Innocent Wayfaring* (Scribners, \$2.00), by Marcette Chute, a charming light romance of fourteenth century England. Anne runs away from the convent where she has been sent to learn skill in sewing, spinning, embroidering, and maidenly behavior. She is befriended by and shares adventures with Nick who is all you would wish him to be. Their midsummer travels make a tale that is lighthearted, gay, and altogether delightful.

Girls who remember with pleasure *The Yearling* and *My Friend Flicka* will want to read *Mountain Born* (Coward-McCann, \$2.25), by Elizabeth Yates, a gentle, moving tale of a mountain boy and his black ewe lamb.

A Year to Grow (Longmans, Green, \$2.00), by Helene Conway, is a boarding-school story, different because it is laid in a convent school, and though it is what your great-aunt would call "wholesome" don't let that scare you off—this is another book that every one of the Junior Readers liked without exception.

Dollar a Share (Random House, \$2.00), by Adam Allen, is the entertaining story of a junior high cooperative, a story of real girls and boys—mostly boys—the kind you go to school with, to dances, to football games, the same real girls and

boys you will meet in *Never to Be Forgotten* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), a collection of favorite stories from *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. This book is a grand one to own. You mustn't miss it. The book, edited by Frances Ullmann, is well illustrated and poems by girls are also included.

Girls who are interested in commercial art will find good reading in *A Window for Julie* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), by Phyllis Whitney. This is an unusually successful career book built around window decorating and has a real love interest.

Janey Moffat's little brother has a book of his very own—*Rufus M.* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00)—which is every bit as good as Eleanor Estes' earlier two—"better even," said one Junior Reader who is devoted to the mysterious middle Moffat. There are all sorts of new goings on in this Moffat book—an Invisible Piano Player (remember the moths in the piano?), the Cardboard Boy, and Jimmy, a flying horse.

Helen Watson's new book is *Trooper: U. S. Army Dog* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), which promises to be just as popular as was last year's *Topkick: U. S. Army Horse*. When Buzz, who with Bonnie is saving his money to buy a white shepherd dog, is hurt, the dog is given Buzz by his big brother Robert just before Robert leaves for the Army. The children give Trooper to the Army when they hear their brother is missing in action. Trooper is trained and the events which follow his being sent into action on Guadalcanal provide an exciting climax to a well-told, authentic story you'll love.

(Continued on page 42)

TWINKLE TWINKLE

LITTLE STAR



The Watts family looks pleased over Twinkle's movie contract because it makes her a full-fledged movie star. 'Gay Blades' will be Twinkle's first Republic picture.

Eight-year-old Twinkle Watts has three claims to fame, and already she's working on a fourth

By STEPHANIE O'BRIEN

LITTLE Miss Muffet never did anything but sit on a tuffet, eat curds and whey, and get frightened by a spider, but when she's taken over by eight-year-old Twinkle Watts, Mother Goose's heroine comes to life in 1943 style! Anyone who has been to New York City's famous Center Theater in Rockefeller Center to see the ice show has probably gasped to see Little Miss Muffet skate away from her tuffet with grace and speed and skill enough to outwit an army of spiders. Inside the quaint cos-

tume of Little Miss Muffet is the dynamic Little Miss Watts, one of the stars of the show.

If you had just heard the list of Twinkle's accomplishments, you'd probably be amazed at your first sight of her, for Twinkle is only fifty inches tall and weighs a scant fifty-four pounds! Besides being a veteran, top-flight ice skater, Twinkle is a champion bowler and a movie star.

When she was about three years old the doctor advised some sport to help strengthen her. Roller-skating was

Twinkle's first experience in a rink, but the skates were too heavy and the rink too dusty for the delicate child, so her parents decided to try her on ice skates instead and she took to ice skates as the average youngster of that age takes to a tricycle. At the end of six months, everyone realized that the dainty little girl was no average skater and she began to take special lessons. In a short time, Twinkle Watts was in demand as a performer.

Ice hockey enthusiasts were Twinkle's first audience, because she used to go on between the games. And Twinkle wasn't satisfied with twirling and bending and dancing, with being the tiniest figure anyone in the audience had ever seen on skates. Twinkle started to include imitations of famous skaters and she did these so well, they became one of the most successful features of her act. Her first big performance was in Dallas, Texas, in a show called *Ice Time*, and when that was over, Twinkle was an old-timer at skating in costume on frozen stretches of man-made ice—she was on her way to fame.

You might say that Twinkle's next big step up was her opening in the Center Theater as part of the cast of *Ice Capades*. Only if you did, you'd be skipping one and one-half years of three-hours-a-day practice to achieve perfection. That's what went before the opening night of *Ice Capades*. And Twinkle says nobody in the world can find an easy or a quick way to be a good skater. In spite of the fact that she had an early start, and natural ability, she had to put in the usual



hours of tireless drill and practice before she was good enough to join the cast of a professional, big-time performance.

"You must have been very confident on opening night after all that preparation," somebody said to Twinkle.

Twinkle's hazel eyes opened wide. "Confident!" she exclaimed. "My goodness, I had butterflies in my stomach and I was positive I wouldn't be able to skate a single stroke."

the average bowler would boast about.) And that's how Twinkle first got into the movies.

Twinkle started bowling with a light ball, of course, and gradually worked up to a heavy one. Now she has her own ball in a special case. Once the little star was asked to give a command performance at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Twinkle had dinner with the graduating cadets and a special escort—six

year-old sister, helps Twinkle with music and they get along well.

"Usually," Twinkle adds, laughing, because, like, most sisters, they find plenty to disagree over. Twinkle thinks Kilo is amusing because Kilo is beginning to act grown up and Twinkle likes to tease her.

But if you give Twinkle Watts a chance to talk about the thing she likes best, you have the biggest surprise of all in store. It isn't skating and it isn't bowling and it isn't acting in the movies. It's ballet dancing! Twinkle has been studying ballet for less than a year

Twinkle takes time out to play with her collection of dolls. She owns about fifty!



But skate she did and so well that her act became one of the audiences' favorites and it was carried over into *Stars on Ice*, the Center Theater's ice show the following year. The high point of Twinkle's career will be her appearance in Republic's picture *Gay Blades*. Twinkle is excited about her debut in an important picture, but *Gay Blades* isn't her first Hollywood venture. Twinkle's first movie appearance was in a short called *Unusual Occupations*. But that's the story of another one of Twinkle's accomplishments.

Twinkle's dad decided to teach her how to bowl. But it wasn't long before his small daughter was beating him! Mr. Watts still coaches Twinkle, but he's through competing with her. Twinkle uses a 10½ pound ball—and that's heavy even for adults. When you see Twinkle with the ball you wonder how she thinks she can lift it. But lift it she does and with such power that she has bowled as high as 218! (160 is a score

feet tall—showed her through the buildings and around the beautiful grounds of the Academy. It was bowling that brought Twinkle her favorite pet. On one occasion after Twinkle had bowled 212, she was asked what she'd like to have.

"Oh, a dog!" Twinkle answered enthusiastically. And that's how she acquired her toy Boston terrier. Twinkle named him Strikie—in bowling, a strike means knocking down all the pins the first throw. Strike is jealous of Twinkle's other pets—her fifty dolls wearing the costumes of as many countries.

Twinkle is in the third grade at the Professional Children's School in New York City. Her classmates are also all in radio or show business. The studies are the usual third grade ones, except that French is included. When Twinkle is touring, her work is sent to her and she keeps up-to-date by correspondence.

Kilo, Twinkle's thirteen-

and she has made rapid progress because skating had already strengthened her ankles.

It was pouring the day we talked to Twinkle and when she first came in, wearing red rubber boots, her first words came spilling out in excitement.

"Do you want to see my new ballet slippers?"

She took off the rubber boots to try on the slippers for us and from the way she handled them, you could tell her first pair of pink satin ballet slippers was her pride and joy. The day before she had danced on her toes for the first time and she showed us just how she did it.

"What is your greatest ambition for the future?" we asked Twinkle, wondering whether bowling, ice skating, or movies would be her choice.

Pirouetting on the new pink satin ballet slippers, Twinkle answered, "I want to be a ballet dancer and dance in 'Swan Lake' when I am seventeen." She sighed a little as she pointed one toe gracefully. "Nine more years to wait!"

THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS



Crawling out of their hiding place, they waked to the end of the dock. Mike seemed a bit startled. "Golly you scared me

THE STORY UP TO NOW

JILL WATSON wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the \$1000 reward. But Babs Morley was more interested in Bayberry Hill's smaller robberies by the Spooks who stole strange things and left them in front of the Finnegan's house. The girls were puzzled over a dirty ragamuffin, Mike, who came begging for food and disappeared upstairs in the Morley house to wash his hands, he said. Later, on a picnic, the girls stopped off at Deadwood Isle to explore a house built by the eccentric hermit, Mr. Ecks, who had been drowned and whose body had never been recovered. Before his death he warned that his spirit would return to haunt the island. The house was locked, but Jill saw a tiny brown face at the window. Then the Morley house was robbed by the Spooks and Petunia, the maid, was bound and gagged by a giant, a witch, and an imp of Satan, she insisted. Sure there was a connection between Mr. Ecks' house and the Spooks, Jill and Babs went back to investigate. This time the house was open, but a door locked behind them and a ghostly voice like Mr. Ecks' filled the room. The girls escaped, but a storm wrecked their boat. They swam to a rocky ledge where Jill found a code message! Now go on with Chapter Five.

With the secret message decoded, Jill and Babs were hot on the trail of the thieves, but the Spooks were full of surprises!

By ISABELLE COREY

WHEN at length the note was decoded, it read:

Meet me at Birchpoint Landing
Wednesday midnight. Important.
The Chief Spook.

Then added in the other handwriting was:

We will be there.
The Other Two.

"Wednesday night! That's tomorrow!" Babs cried, her face wreathed in smiles. "I wish we could let Eddie know. He'll be out of jail soon."

Jill thought it would be better to surprise him. She picked up the note and read it for the second time.

"We won't tell anybody about this. The thieves might get wind of it and spoil our

chances. We'll hide ourselves at the Landing and discover who they are. Then all we have to do is to have them arrested."

Babs' enthusiasm suddenly diminished. "Alone—at the Landing?" she gulped. "Suppose they see us—catch us. Couldn't we tell Ronnie and Dave? I'm sure they'd keep it a secret."

Jill considered for a moment. "Babs, you're right. We'll tell the boys."

The next night as the clock in the hall struck ten, Jill and Babs, shoes in hand, crept downstairs and out the front door. At the gate two silent figures rose to meet them.

"Is everything all right?" Dave whispered.

"Sh-h," Jill cautioned.

"Mother may not be asleep yet."

Without another word they started up the hill.

The night was cool without being chilly. Heavy banks of clouds threatened rain and darkened the face of the moon. But there was enough light for them to see the road.

Finally they reached Birchpoint Landing, a dreary place which seemed to retain the spirit of past fishermen. From where they crouched they had an excellent view of the entire water front. Yet they were completely hidden from sight by the thick bushes and trees. An hour to wait and then . . .

Jill's gaze wandered down the dock. A small, dark shadow, near the end, caught her eye. The shadow moved and was still again.

"Dave," she whispered, "there's somebody or something out there. You don't suppose . . ."

Just then the clouds parted and the moon peeked out.

"It's only a youngster," Dave said. They all caught sight of a small figure sitting in the moonlight. The figure had something balanced across his knees. "He's fishing."

"I wonder if it's one of the Funnegan boys?" Ronnie questioned, peering at the figure.

Jill had a glimpse of the small fisherman's face as he looked up at the moon.

"Why, it's Mike, that ragamuffin we fed the other day." She added despairingly, "Of all nights to fish here! I hope he's gone by midnight, or the Spooks might not come."

"Then let's get out of this place," Ronnie pleaded. "No need of our hiding here while he's out there. Ouch!" he groaned. "Another tree root. Never felt so many in all my life. How about it? Do we stretch our legs? 'Fraid I won't have any left if I don't."

Babs laughed at his exaggerated misery, but agreed that his suggestion was most welcome.

Crawling out of their hiding place, they walked to the end of the dock, carefully avoiding the rotten planks on the way, and got there just as the moon slipped behind the clouds again.

Mike seemed a bit startled for a moment. "Golly, you scared me!" he laughed when he saw who they were. "I come out here almost every night and this is the first time I've ever had company." He sighed. "Sometimes I get so lonely."

Dave sat down beside him and heard a fish leap out of water. "Catch anything?"

"Naw. They're slow tonight. Nuthin' yet." He looked up at the others suddenly. "You goin' to fish here, tonight?"

Before anyone else had a chance to answer, Ronnie said, "Not tonight. We're out to catch thieves."

"Catch thieves! You four kids!" The little fellow seemed quite impressed. "How you goin' do it? Do you know who they are?"

"No. But it won't be long," Ronnie replied mysteriously.

Jill nudged the talkative boy to be silent, but it was no use.

"Nobody but us knows about it."

Mike's voice was curious as he piped, "Why did you pick this spot?"

"I didn't. The girls did. They . . ."

"Ronnie," Jill interrupted suddenly, "I feel like fishing. Will you get me a birch branch I can use for a rod?"

"Say, that's a good idea," Ronnie responded with enthusiasm. He turned to Mike. "Got enough bait for us?"

Mike's yes came grudgingly. "Ain't got much, though."

Jill followed Ronnie down the dock. When they were out of earshot, she cautioned him to say nothing more about the thieves to Mike.

He seemed surprised. "Why not?" he asked, and started cutting a branch with his jack-knife. "That kid's all right."

"Well, no matter," Jill persisted. "Don't say anything more about it to him. You never can tell."

"All, right," he promised. "I just didn't think it made any



Overcoming her panic, Jill turned on the light. "Babs," she cried, "look!"

difference. I still don't. Anyway, I'll keep mum."

He held up a branch. "Will this do?"

"Anything," she smiled. "That was just an excuse to get you away."

Laughing at her conniving, he trimmed off the leaves and twigs while he walked back to the end of the dock with her. He'd use it himself. But nobody had a pin to give him and Mike was using his one and only hook.

Impatiently they waited while Mike continued to fish without luck.

"Got to get at least one," he said grimly, "or I won't have any breakfast."

"Poor kid," Dave said under his breath.

"Imagine not having a home or anyone to care for you," Jill whispered back. "No wonder he seems strange and grown-up."

They sat and idly watched a lone light glide across the water. It moved slowly, making its way toward shore.

"Somebody is eeling out there," Dave said. "See his light?"

"Say, that reminds me," Mike said suddenly. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a flashlight. "I found it today on the road. It's old and battered but it works swell." He flashed it across the water three times. "Not bad, eh?"

"Wonderful," Dave remarked generously. "How'd you like to sell it?" He offered seventy-five cents, all he had in his pocket. It wasn't much, but it would buy the little fellow a decent meal.

"No, thanks. I'll keep it," Mike said, and added hastily, "I can use it when I travel at night."

Babs watched the slowly moving light on the water change its course and glide off into the night. It fas-

inated her, so silent and detached from its surroundings. There was something weird about it.

"Don't eeling lights look sort of spooky?" she said to Jill in a dreamy voice.

"Spooky, did you say?" Mike sounded uneasy. "Why?"

"Because in the dark they just look like bright lights floating on the water," Babs declared. "Don't you think they look spooky?"

"Yeah, I suppose so," Mike admitted.

Jill was growing restless. She felt it must be near midnight, but as yet there was no sign of the Spooks.

"Dave, what time is it?" she asked.

Dave glanced at his illuminated watch and whistled in surprise. "One minute to twelve." Scrambling to his feet, he added, "We'd better get out of sight—and in a hurry!"

As Babs turned to follow, she remembered Mike. "How much longer are you going to fish?"

"Till I get one," was his vague answer, jiggling the line up and down. "Hey, I've got one now!" he exclaimed, and pulled in a good-size snapper. He yanked the hook free, stuffed the fish into his pocket, picked up his belongings, and was off. "So long!" he shouted as he ran down the wobbly dock and disappeared into the bushes.

"Phew!" Babs laughed at his abrupt and speedy departure. "Nothing slow about him."

She picked her way over the old planking and joined the other three; and in their cramped quarters they waited for the Spooks.

One minute, two, three, four minutes slipped by. Even the air seemed tense and expectant.

They waited and waited. An hour dragged by. Finally they

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"It's not from the boys!"
Jill looked up surprised.
"It's a warning!"

PATTERNS FOR PARTIES

Don't be the zombie who dreads planning parties. They can be more fun to give than to attend

By MARY WIEAND



A little research goes a long way to making a foolproof party formula.

FIND the girl who doesn't expect a party to be Perfect, Alluring, Rollicking, Terrific, and Yum and you'll—well, you'll probably find the hostess. Hostesses are subject to a very particular sort of ailment, the about-to-give-a-party heebie-jeebies. It convinces them that their party is going to flop with a resounding and never-to-be-lived-down thud. Too often they huddle miserably at the door, awaiting their fate and hoping for charity from their friends. But friends will go just so far, and gathering them together and labeling them a party isn't enough to make them a party. To preserve the magic and promise of the word, you have to call forth your imagination and plans that cover everything from hellos to good-byes.

Written invitations are not a must, but they are one way to create suspense and interest in your party. So if you're sending them, make sure they're both exciting and inviting. For instance, a slight bit of labor on your part will create fine invitations out of an old set of play-

ing cards. Select a card from one pack for each boy and the same cards from the other pack for each girl. Paste a plain piece of paper on the back for the what, where, and when, and a note to bring the cards as admission tickets. When the guests arrive, boys and girls with matching cards are partners for the evening.

However, if you are going in for decorations—and they do make the whole occasion more gala—have your invitations in keeping with the whole scheme, a sort of preview of the party. It's always the safest bet to plan your decorations around the season because that makes it easier to get the appropriate wherewithal for your handiwork. Every month except August has a holiday you can work around. New Years, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, April Fool Day, May Day, Flag Day, July 4th, Labor Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. If you are planning a party for one of these traditional holidays, use greeting cards of the season for your invitations. Happy Thanksgiving or Merry Christmas cards and all the others, either store-made or home-made from your own imagination and colored

paper, have more zest than plain party invitations. And don't forget to make good use of all the different themes for decoration each holiday suggests. Of course games aren't seasonal and any of the ones described here would be appropriate for any party.

There are even a few half-forgotten special days you can play with to surprise your guests. Take Ground Hog day for instance—it's February 2nd, the day tradition says the ground hog comes out to look for his shadow. If he sees it, there will be an early spring; if not, six more weeks of winter. That's a natural for a game party. Decorate half the room with snow and wintry tinsel and half with gay, springlike artificial flowers. Assign your guests to spring and winter teams. Let them fight it out in games to decide which way the ground hog's shadow falls and whether spring or winter will be triumphant. The invitations should be a black silhouette—the shadow of the ground hog. On the invitation ask your guests to come and determine whether the shadow is to be or not to be and let them guess what it's all about until they get there.

You can even put a party twist on Labor Day. All you have to say on your invitations is for guests to report for work at such and such a corner at a given day and time, clad in work clothes. No name. No explanation. Will they be there? Of course they will. They'll be burning up with curiosity and you be sure to send yourself one of the invitations so you can be just as curi-

ous. At the corner you've selected, have a work chart pinned on a tree or a telegraph pole telling them to follow the marked route. You can lead them a merry chase by way of chalked arrows all around town ending up at your house. When they get there make them work for their supper by supplying them with sandwich makings or corn to pop or marshmallows (if you can get them) to toast.

Even if you don't use the mysterious invitation approach, it's always best to start the party out with something gay and surprising. In snow time you could build a snowman before the door bearing a sign, "Come on in!"

And even though you have carefully set the stage with invitation and decoration, it is usually necessary to break the ice with a quick game. Those playing-card invitations are, of course, natural icebreakers because everyone starts milling around to find his partner im-

mediately. But if you want to sort people out after they get there, you can do it with their own shoes. When you take the girls in to drop their coats, take a shoe from each one. Put all the odd shoes in a large container, like a washbasket, or a clothes hamper. Tell the boys that they are each and every one a Prince Charming (watch them warm up to that!), have them grab a shoe without looking, and then find its owner—and their Cinderella—for the evening. It's more fun if the girls cooperate by not cooperating and hide their remaining shod feet under them.

Of course if all your guests arrive with dates, it's best not to start a war by rearranging them. Instead, start the party ball rolling by making each guest find his own identity. Prepare slips before the party with names of famous people, local or world-known, real or fictitious. As each guest comes in, pin a slip on his back without letting him see the name

written on it. Try to make the names as funny as possible, like giving the local football star the name of Baby Dumpling or the meekest girl in the class General MacArthur. Each guest must find out who he is by asking questions of the other guests, any question that can be answered yes or no: "Am I living?" "Am I a man?" "Do I live in the United States?" It gets a bit confusing at times because everybody is being asked questions and trying to ask questions at the same time—but it does guarantee that everyone talks to everyone else. Have a forfeit for the last person to identify himself.

After you have your guests "warmed up," you'll find them in a perfect mood to play games. Set up card tables in the living room and have arranged on them all the games you and your friends and relatives own: Monopoly, Parchesi, Anagrams, Bagatelle. If you use the appropriate playing-

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"Who am I?" is the kind of party-opener that breaks the ice quickly.

Let's Talk Things Over

Sisters can be pests to a boy when they whisper and titter!

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



My sister gave me your article about brothers being pests. I didn't like what it said. What about girls being pests, especially my sister who is a baby at twelve years of age?—John S., New York.

JOHN isn't the only brother who has written us this kind of letter, for it seems girls can be pests sometimes, too—according to certain brothers.

We are very glad to assure all brothers who read *CALLING ALL GIRLS* that we know full well that sisters can be nuisances sometimes, but we hope brothers will admit that they are often nice to have around. Sisters do sometimes ask a lot of unnecessary questions, hang around or tag along when they are not wanted, make a lot of noise giggling when brothers are trying to concentrate, and sometimes they tease, ridicule, and generally pester. There are also times when sisters annoy brothers by being terribly interested in things so unimportant to boys as perfumes

and powder, hair-dos and boy-friends and dates.

We certainly did not mean to imply, in our column about brothers, that girls are perfect. We tried very hard to defend the boys and call attention to their needs, ideas, and wishes.

Sisters can help the situation, of course, by stopping to think of brothers as people. Girls can get more understanding from the men of the family by seeing their side, too, by being interested in their activities and enthusiasms, by doing favors once in awhile if they want the boys to do favors for them.

It all comes back to the thing we have so often said: In a good family there must be a good deal of give and take, sharing and understanding, humor and patience. Remember the sergeant brother whose delightful letter to his younger sister appeared in this mag-

azine recently? He surely enjoyed and was most helpful to his sister. But we can be pretty sure that neither he nor she would say they grew up with no disagreements. The fine thing is that they love one another and are friends in spite of the misunderstandings that are part of living.

When learning a game, I feel so inferior and usually make a mess of things because I'm so afraid of making a mistake. Can I get over this?—Catherine P., aged 16, New Jersey.

OFTEN we hear it said that we need not only leaders to build up our homes and communities, but also people who can follow when necessary. Catherine need not feel that she must always be first, the best, or the winner in her games and her play. She will surely make fewer mistakes when she learns to overcome her fear of not succeeding one hundred per cent, and, instead, strives just to do her own best. That is all that can be expected of anyone. And that best can improve, too, given time.

The games Catherine is learning are teaching her to relax, to use physical energy healthily and happily, and to build for the future. Best of all, she is developing in ability to get along with other boys and girls. The important thing for her is to go on playing and having fun—whether she's always completely successful or not. Her friends will think well of her for doing her best.

Catherine should take comfort in knowing that learning is often a slow and sometimes painful process. Our soldiers who go through basic training make many mistakes until they become efficient. The pianist,

(Continued on page 44)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

ALL FOR ONE

(Continued from page 14)

"Coming from Norway you, of course, could not understand. You see, the French were the first settlers here on the St. Lawrence. Jacques Cartier landed at Gaspé village only fifteen miles away from here. Then the English came and fought a war and won this land. They came in such numbers that soon we were a minority. But they settled in western Canada and we continued to live our lives. We have as much say in the affairs of the country as they, but naturally there is disagreement."

"They say we are cowards because we don't want conscription," Pierre shouted. "We are not. Our men will volunteer! They need not be forced to fight the right cause."

"How many of them have volunteered?" Jane asked coldly.

"Please, please . . ." Celeste was trying to stop the row.

"We even have to ask the Norwegian Navy to help guard this coast," Jane continued, disregarding her. "There weren't enough Gaspésians volunteering, so Olav's father and his men must man our coastal vessels!"

"Only one—and it is a pleasure. We are allies," Olav said, also trying to stop the quarrel, seeing how it bothered Celeste. "And it gives me the chance to live here with you for a time."

"Oh!" Jane whirled on her heel again and started marching down the path toward the village.

Pierre shrugged his shoulders. "You see, the English," he said.

"You shouldn't start it, Pierre," Celeste scolded.

"Let us go down to the beach," Olav started down the steep path. "Jane will be soon over her anger!"

Jane had gone stumping madly down the path.

"I'll ask Father to leave here, go back to Toronto. Then let's see them get sick without a doctor," she muttered. "I thought I'd love it so, living here by the sea, when he took

over Grandfather's practice. But that Pierre . . ."

Her anger cooled as she walked. She had had fun! Celeste was sweet and Pierre was nice, too, except when he argued. And then Olav had come to live at Cap-au-Griffon when his father's training ship had been attached to the coast guard for a time. The four of them had had a lovely summer—swimming and gathering starfish, climbing the mountains, picnicking in the secret coves with the boom of Atlantic waves at their feet. And now she'd lived on the Gaspé almost a year and here she was, mad as a hatter.

Jane tossed her head, swallowed her pride, and, turning, ran back down the path to make peace with her friends.

She came rushing out of the pine woods to the open point of the cliff, and then she stopped dead. Instinctively she dropped on her stomach on the rock. Her head came over the cliff's edge and she could see clearly into the cove below.

There, a short way from the beach was the sleek, whale-like shape of a submarine, men in uniform scurrying on her deck, a gun trained coastward. Right below her were Jane's

three friends, standing very still. And approaching the beach were two rubber boats, three men in each, one rowing and the other two with their rifles cocked at the young people on the beach.

Olav moved as though to climb the cliff.

"Halt!" The order was harsh.

Jane watched them land, pull the boats on shore, and line up. One man seemed to be the leader. He stood and walked stiffly, like a wooden man, she thought.

"What is this place?" he barked. His English was very precise.

Pierre stepped slightly forward. "Cap-au-Griffon."

"Where is the village?"

"Beyond the cliff, half a mile."

"You have a store there?"

"Yes."

"Is there a telephone in the village?"

"No. The closest one is at Cap-aux-Os."

It was then that Olav spoke, through tight lips, his face very white. "You are Germans."

"Ja. Heil Hitler!" It seemed to amuse the man to exhibit his arrogance.

Olav threw himself at the



Pierre stumbled and sprawled on the road and the officer started angrily toward him.

leader. His fists beat at the man's chest. His face was contorted. He was shouting in his own language, "Morderen! Morderen! Min moder!"

"Was ist das?" Olav's attack had taken the German by surprise. Now one of the seamen rushed to hold Olav.

The leader's face was like a thundercloud.

"What is the matter with you?" he said. And then he seemed to take in Olav's Norwegian sweater and his fair, Scandinavian face. "You are not French-Canadian?"

Olav stood very straight, though his arms were kept pinned behind his back by a sailor.

"Norge," he said, proudly.

Now someone was shouting from the submarine. Mist had risen and hidden the mouth of the cove, but Jane could see the short, broad man on the deck and the gold braid on his uniform even from that distance.

"Ja, ja, Herr Kapitan," the leader of the shore force shouted.

Olav was translating, loudly and proudly. "He's told them to hurry. They have to go to the store for provisions. He's told them to take us with them—use us as hostages so that no one will dare shoot at them."

It was right then that Jane's brain began to click. What was she doing here anyhow, wasting valuable time? Obviously she was the only one free to do something about this mess.

She crawled toward the trees, afraid to stand up and expose herself to the Germans below. As she did so she thought of her friends and wracked her brain for a way to encourage them.

In the pocket of her Grenfell jacket she felt a hard object. It was her prize starfish. Pierre had caught it and dried it in salt until it was hard as a rock, and given it to her. It was huge and a lovely soft purple shade. She laid it on the middle of the path to the village.

And then she was in the woods and on her feet, and running as hard as she could. And behind her, just coming over the cliff, sounded the

voices of the Germans, ordering her pals around as though this were occupied Europe instead of free Canada.

Her mind was beating furiously, trying to figure out a line of action. Should she warn the storekeeper, warn the men of the village? But what could they do with only rifles against machine guns and the armored submarine? She had to get a message direct to the military authorities. Immediately! But how?

She came running out of the woods to the road. It curved down to the village. For the first time she realized what an antiquated, hopeless little place it was—no telephone, no communication. And Cap-aux-Os was over ten miles away.

Behind her the curving road ran toward another small fishing village, and then another. And then the thought struck her: the lighthouse! If she could get to the lighthouse in time!

After she knew what to do, everything seemed suddenly brighter. The lighthouse was a mile and a half away, on the point of Devil Rock, but if she ran she ought to make it in fifteen minutes. Jane ran as she'd never run before. She got breathless and hot and developed a stitch in her side. She dared not stop running for a moment. Clutching her side, she panted on. Here was the turn to the left, and there, through the trees, the Devil Rock Lighthouse.

Old Jacques Lamontagne was sitting on the stone steps, smoking his pipe, his cat on his knees. Jane dropped like a stone beside him. Her throat felt like raw flesh.

"A submarine," Jane said finally, her voice cracked. "German. In the little cove, third eastward from the mouth of Griffon Bay. They've got Pierre and Celeste and Olav. As hostages. They're going to the store . . ."

Old Jacques was up, "Nom de nom . . ." Then he was climb-

Jane started to crouch lower, but just then a bullet whined close to her.



ing up toward the control room.

"I can wireless the military control," old Jacques said. "But it will be dangerous for your friends. The submarine may intercept my message and then there is no saying what they'll do. If we can delay the landing party's return we may not only save your friends but give time for our planes to get here."

While he talked he sat down at his desk, picking at the staccato little key, waiting for the man at the other end to answer him. And then he was tapping furiously, pausing only to check facts with Jane.

"I must go. I'll think up some way to stop them." Jane was flying down the stairs.

"I hope I'll be in time," she kept thinking, counting minutes desperately. They could have got to the village in fifteen minutes, perhaps less, then to the store, ten minutes, and back in another ten. She'd been gone about twenty-five minutes or half an hour. That meant they'd be practically back at the cove by now! Still she kept running, praying that something had delayed them.

On the hill above the village she paused for breath for the first time. And there she sighed with relief. Below her, just starting up the hill, came the armed group of sailors and her three friends. Pierre and Olav and two of the Germans were laden with bundles; Celeste was carrying a couple of parcels; the leader, with his pistol pointing at her friends, was walking immediately behind them; and the other three sailors were one on each side and one behind the little procession, their rifles ready.

Jane could see that there was something queer about their advance. As they got closer she saw why they were stopping every few minutes. Olav was dropping his parcels, one by one, in the clumsiest way, and stopping to pick them up slowly and carefully.

They were halfway up the hill when Pierre suddenly stumbled and sprawled all over himself on the road. Flour

and sugar cascaded in white heaps in the dust. Another bag broke and potatoes went rolling madly down the hill. Pierre's face was a sight, for apparently he'd stuck it into a box of eggs.

Jane, who had hidden herself in the thicket by the cove path, saw the leader go over to Pierre and kick him. Pierre got up and he and two of the sailors went back down the hill. Apparently they couldn't afford to lose all the provisions Pierre had messed up.

Apparently also they weren't putting up with any more delays. In fifteen minutes the three shoppers were back. Pierre's face sullen, the sailors angry. Then they came up at a crisp pace toward Jane.

She still had no plan of attack. She judged it had been about an hour now since old Jacques had started sending his message. But she had heard no planes overhead and now the sad parade was opposite her.

Jane tried to crouch lower. Crack! She'd stepped on a dried branch. Practically in the same instant a bullet whined close to her.

"Come out!" the order was barked harshly.

Jane stood up.

"*Das ist nur eine kleine Mädchen,*" one German said.

"How long have you been there?" the leader snapped.

"Just—just since you came up the hill," Jane said.

The leader seemed suddenly to realize they had to hurry. He motioned Jane beside Celeste.

"March. Fast," he ordered.

Jane's heart was sinking. They'd probably shoot them all, just for spite, she decided. And then, well supplied with everything, speed away to sink some more Allied ships. The trees were getting thinner, the edge of the cliff was in sight.

After that everything happened at once. They were on the cliff. There were two gray corvettes beside the submarine in the cove. Olav suddenly threw everything he was carrying at the German leader, and shouted to his friends, "Into the

bushes! Lie flat and quickly!"

Pierre heaved his bundles at the sailor right behind him and pushed Jane into the bracken. Shots rang out, and shouts. And then an English voice, "Up with your hands, Nazis!"

Jane lifted her head and peered over the log behind which Pierre had rolled her. Coming up the path were half a dozen Canadian sailors, and standing, stunned, on the cliff, the Nazis.

"Gosh!" Jane said.

"Canadians have won this one." Pierre grinned at her.

On the other side of the path Olav was pulling Celeste to her feet.

"We knew you'd gone for help when we found the starfish," he was shouting to Jane.

"They got so angry," Celeste was saying. "The boys did everything so slowly, so clumsily."

"We were trying—what is it you say—playing for time," Olav added.

But it was down on the beach where they went with the captive Germans and the laughing Canadians that they heard the rest of the story. Jane's message had been received by the corvette command, on maneuvers less than a mile away. They'd immediately made for the cove. Sneaking out of the mist they'd caught the submarine like a setting hen, and had overpowered the crew. Now the submarine was neatly tied to a corvette, ready to be towed away to a Canadian port. The commander of the corvette fleet had landed.

"A civilian defense corps is being organized on both shores of the river," he told Jane seriously. "Shortly we will come to explain it at your village. We would be proud and pleased to have you and your friends as our first members, defenders of this our land, Canada."

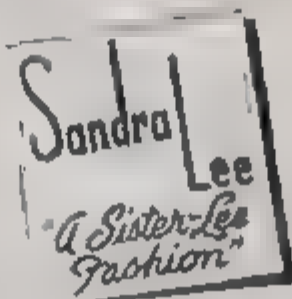
Jane felt a choke in her throat. She couldn't have answered if she'd tried. Then she felt Pierre's hand in hers and he was stepping forward.

"Thank you, sir," he was saying. "We are ready to defend this land—all of us—together."



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THANKS TO THE MOVIES

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

THANK-Y-A notes are
the expression of a person
who is grateful with love for
something or someone who has
done something for him or her.
We think you should do a number

taking
this page with a written
word to the stars who
"Thanks" the movies

1. Thanks to showing us plumes and
daring in a thrilling action in 'The
Thin Red Line' we can't help but
admire the way in which the
military men in the picture

2. In 'Happy Land' a father who loves
his son is the only one who
isn't afraid to let his son go to
the front. We like the happy
American boyhood. We like the
happy American film which makes us
proud of our country.

3. We are glad too when a film
shows the fighting spirit of our
North Sea. It is a fine picture to
show the American spirit of
adventure and courage.

4. Are we thankful for films that make
us laugh at home as 'Green Man'
is? Well, the picture does not
please. So we're in Washington (RKO)

5. Any movie that makes us glad for
the day that we live in is a
movie that we like. 'The Thin Red Line'
is a movie that we like.

6. Give us more of the same. We like
the way in which the picture shows
the American spirit of adventure and
courage. We like the way in which
the picture shows the American spirit of
adventure and courage.

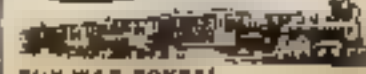
7. We are thankful for the films that make
us proud of our country. We like the
way in which the picture shows the
American spirit of adventure and
courage. We like the way in which
the picture shows the American spirit of
adventure and courage.

8. We are grateful for films that make
us think about giving up. 'Claudia'
is a picture that we like. We like
the way in which the picture shows
the American spirit of adventure and
courage. We like the way in which
the picture shows the American spirit of
adventure and courage.



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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



Gifts from the KITCHEN

bundles from our kitchen. This is a good wartime sweet, because cereal is plentiful.

CRUNCH PUFFS

2 tablespoons light corn syrup
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
8 cups puffed cereal
Red coloring

1—Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed. measuring spoons and cup, mixing bowl large enough for stirring the syrup into the cereal, saucepan with straight sides.

2—Measure the sugar, salt, water, and corn syrup into the saucepan and cook, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, until the temperature 290° is reached. If you do not have a candy thermometer, test a spoonful of the syrup in a cup of cold water; when the syrup makes a brittle mass in the cold water, the syrup is done.

3—Add the vanilla and red coloring, stirring just enough to mix well.

4—Pour the hot syrup slowly, in a fine stream, over the puffed cereal, stirring up well from the bottom of the bowl until every puff is coated.

5—Form into 20 to 30 tiny balls 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

6—Wrap the red puffs in clear waxed paper, or green Cellophane if you can get it, fringing the edges.

IF YOU CAN GET IT!

The prelude to almost any recipe these days is "If you can

Why not be the girl wonder, the prize Christmas-gift giver who turns up with something entirely different?

By LETTIE GAY
Junior Housekeeping Editor

HAVE you already started to swoon, to have that I'm-sinking-fast-and-will-soon-be-gone feeling every time you see the word December and are reminded of Christmas shopping lists?

How about making your Christmas gifts right in the kitchen? Maybe buy a ten-cent gadget or two just as an accessory to the main gift, which is something to eat.

Your kitchen offering can be as simple as a silver-star-decorated jelly glass filled with marmalade of your own making or it can be a cunning wicker basket snugly packed with six or eight little jars of jelly or jam. If you have some young

cousins who are still in the custard-for-supper stage, give them each a pretty little colored pottery dessert dish filled with jelly.

This year market supplies for kitchen Christmas gifts may be different in different communities, due to wartime scarcities, but, if you keep an eye cocked, you will find pears, tomatoes, apples, cranberries and other fruits and vegetables from which you can evolve sweets and relishes for pleasant packages.

Sally (thirteen, this month) thinks that no Christmas package is complete without candy, and so she is contributing Crunch Puffs to the holiday

get it!" But, although coconut, chocolate, raisins, and dates are not always available, they are sometimes to be had, and seem doubly precious because you have to scout for them.

In planning to make cookies for a Christmas present, select a recipe for a moist type of cookie which will store well and not dry out. Crisp, brittle cookies are no good for the Christmas box for they are apt to be reduced to a dejected heap of crumbs when the package reaches its destination. Grated coconut, ground nuts, honey, fruit, sour cream, molasses help to make cookies which will keep fresh well. Date Bars are especially popular in Christ-

mas boxes but everyone has this recipe so I'll not include it here.

ORANGE MARMALADE

1 orange 1 grapefruit 1 lemon
Sugar Water

1—Select fruit with perfect skins. Get out equipment needed: grater, sharp kitchen knife, large mixing bowl, deep preserve kettle, jelly glasses.

2—Shave the fruit very fine, using a grater placed horizontally over a large bowl. Using a sharp knife, cut in slivers any

For additional recipes, send a large stamped, addressed envelope to the Junior Housekeeping Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

pieces which could not be shaved. Save every drop of juice and rind.

3—Cover the fruit with 6 cups water and set aside, in a cool place, for 24 hours.

4—Cook the fruit for 10 minutes, boiling slowly, then set aside again for 24 hours.

5—On the third day, measure the fruit. There will be about 8 cups of it. Cook for 30 minutes, add as much sugar by measure as there was of measured fruit—about 8 cups of sugar. Boil until the mixture jells when tested on a cool plate. Turn into clean, sterilized jars or jelly glasses and cover with hot, melted paraffin. This makes about 12 glasses.

Have a "Coke" = Howdy, Neighbor



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At home or abroad, when the American soldier says *Have a "Coke"* to a stranger, he's made a new buddy. From Minneapolis to Melbourne, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*—has become the mark of the good neighbor.



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TRIX-SET

BETTY ANN'S

Felt Hat and Muff Bag Set

Gifts WITH and Glamour FOR

By LOUISE CARLISLE

Good Looks Editor

WHEN you've chosen your favored few this Christmas you'll want to pick out just the right gift for each—something lovely yet useful, glamorous yet practical, flattering yet necessary, inexpensive yet special looking—in short, cosmetics!



Tussy's Ginger Spice is for your best friend—the fragrance is both spicy and sweet, no doubt concocted from the nursery rhyme about what girls are made of. The "everything nice" part is that there's cologne and dusting powder, all for \$1.00.



The Dorothy Gray lotion twins are very hard-working gals—one is for dry skin and the other for every skin in blustery weather. Their red and blue caps and mittens make them as friendly as dolls sitting on your dressing table. \$1.00 each.



Dorothy Gray's Nosegay perfume is just that—a mixture of pleasant flower-garden odors. It is packaged in a blue box with lace design, and a boutonniere is tied to the stopper. For Mother's stocking? \$1.00.



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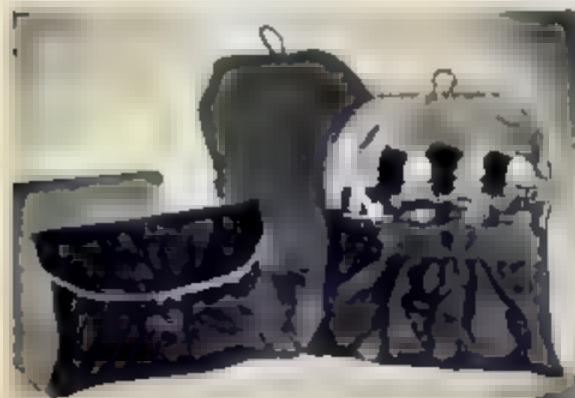
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Older sister will adore a make-up set—lipstick, powder, rouge. If you're old enough for make-up you might hint that the same for you, if it's all the same to her, would be perfect. Top, Coty, \$2.25 (for dresser). Bottom, Tangee, \$1.00 (for purse).



Favorite aunts usually have pretty soap in the bathroom, delicate sachet in bureau drawers—two of many reasons why you love to visit them. American Beauty soap and sachet set will convey the compliments you've always wanted to tell your aunt. Luxor, \$1.50.



This attractive Dura-Gloss manicure set comes in a nice choice of colors. Everything necessary for a manicure—nail polish and remover, cuticle remover, emery board, and orange stick. It's only 59c and is suitable for either friends or family.



"My Mom's a Modern!"

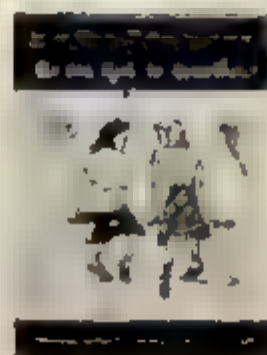
... for instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop Mom from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

What's more, she saves me from taking many a tumble by steering me straight. About "difficult days", for one thing. It was Mom who gave me the swell new booklet, "As One Girl To Another"—so I could learn (in my own lingo!) the important do's and don'ts every girl should understand.

You see, Mom wanted me to get the latest, up-to-date advice from *experts* on "problem day" grooming, dancing, sports . . . social contacts . . . mental attitude. Facts even "modern" mothers don't always know!

So now, I never need miss any fun that's coming my way, no matter *what* my calendar says. Thanks to "As One Girl To Another" . . . and Mom!

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When You're a Guest



This poor lass had to observe a list of conventions as long as Methuselah's beard.

NOW, Jo dear, I want you to put on your best deportment. Don't make any of your abrupt remarks, or do anything odd, will you? Just be calm, cool, and quiet—that's safe and ladylike; and you can easily do it for fifteen minutes."

Remember Jo March in *Little Women* setting out to make calls with her sister? Amy made a protesting Jo dress up in her best clothes, instructed her on how to behave at each place, and the results were disastrous! At the end of the afternoon, even calm Amy was ruffled and Jo had cheated herself out of a trip to Europe she would have given anything to take.

Making calls in 1943 is a lot simpler than it was back in the days after the Civil War. You don't have to worry about what to do with a sweeping

Gone are the formal calls of yesterday, but today's doorbell ringing—though streamlined—still has rules

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don'ts

skirt, neither do you have to squeeze your hands into tight gloves with three buttons and a tassel, or wear a bonnet with strings tied in a correct bow, or daintily balance a parasol.

Life, including visiting, is more streamlined and informal these days and there's no doubt that Jo would be green with envy if she could see the way you go calling. But maybe you still share Jo's sentiments that a single visit is enough of a trial to upset anybody for a week.

If you do, all your visits are practically doomed from the start.

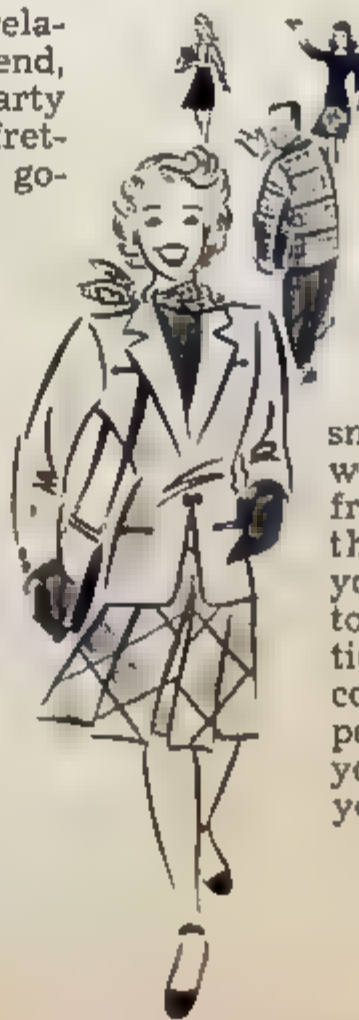
Whether you are bound on a duty call to a relative or to a sick friend, or whether you are party bound, fuming and fretting beforehand are going to make any expedition a chore every bit as unpleasant as your anticipations. But if, when you step out of your home, you pretend you are adventure bound, if you get yourself in the frame of mind of a tourist and look at the familiar landmarks with observant curiosity and listen to people with the interest you'd give a brand-new acquaintance well, in that mood,

you'll make some pleasantly surprising discoveries about the places and people you've been taking for granted, lo, these many years. And just as you take your body out of the house, take your thoughts out of yourself. Make this a real outgoing, physical and mental. Forgetting yourself and concentrating on the people you are going to see will make it impossible for you to be self-conscious or embarrassed. Go at your visiting with the same enthusiasm and spirit that you give to a game.

It does help to know that you look put together. Then you won't have to go through the agonies of coping with a falling slip, holes in your stockings, or dress hooks popped open in front of interested and amused spectators. And you can be just as put together in a sweater and skirt as in that little red job with the swing skirt and the oomph that you hoard for special dates.

The visiting team is always first at bat, so it's up to you to open the game with a warm smile. Follow that up with a greeting in a friendly tone of voice and the first inning is all yours. For a home-run hit to wow the cheering section, try centering the conversation around the people you are with. Don't you love to talk about yourself? And don't you

But this jaunty lass, freed of stuffy restrictions, can step out briskly.



wax eloquent and glow inside when you have an appreciative audience? You'll be amazed at how much like you people are!

But you'll be out on second base if you keep one ear cocked on the conversation going on behind you and both eyes frankly following the boy with the beautifully wavy hair.

You can steal a base successfully with a little well-placed praise. Gushing marks you as a foul ball, but telling Annabelle how lovely her hair looks will make Annabelle think kindly of you for days.

If you want to get through your "visiting with no errors, just remember how you react when you are a hostess, instead of a guest. You know how you groan at the approach of some visitors and cheer at the sight of others, don't you? Well, take a lesson from your own book! Don't be the coy guest who has to be coaxed before you'll do anything or the grandstand player who wants all of the company to be aware of you all of the time. If the group is large, avoid the corner conferences that break up the best of parties. But if you do find yourself in a corner with a total stranger, break the ice and introduce yourself. Nothing is more flattering to a hostess than a guest who evidently enjoys the refreshments she has provided, but be careful that you don't create the impression that you've been on a ten-day fast.

Some kinds of visiting take special treatment. A person who is sick will appreciate your visit most if you make it brief, quiet, and filled with pleasant conversation. An elderly relative will think well of the younger generation if you offer to do small errands, volunteer to read aloud, or listen patiently to what may seem a dull recital. Just as each game you play has special rules, so does each kind of visit.

If, unlike Jo March, you do your thinking beforehand, you will never, like Jo, have to groan, "Oh, my tongue, my abominable tongue! Why can't I learn to keep it quiet?"

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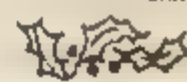
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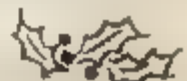


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MELTING-POT BLUES

(Continued from page 9)

across the St. John lawn, up their imposing veranda, into their oak-paneled hall!

Everything was perfect. Dinner with Mr. and Mrs. St. John at either end of the table, Leslie and her brother Roger on one side, Angie and Mr. Howard on the other. Afterward, Mr. Howard played the violin and Angie accompanied on the piano. All of it was perfect, until she was putting on her jacket to go home and Leslie whispered, "It's your turn to invite him next. Aren't you thrilled?"

Yes, she was thrilled, but it was a chilly kind of thrill that made her feel churned up inside. But then she still didn't understand why, and the feeling was gone quickly and she was saying good nights.

"You're one of the best accompanists I've ever had, Angela," Mr. Howard added to his good night.

"Good night, Angela," Mrs. St. John said. "We enjoyed your playing quite as much as Mr. Howard's."

And then Angela was facing the sweep of lawn again, only this time she was walking, not floating, and in spite of her new brushed-wool sweater and

her flannel suit, she felt chilly, and now she knew why . . .

Tony was still sitting gingerly on the orange crate that was making little protesting noises about his weight.

"I'm supposed to invite Mr. Howard to our house for dinner," Angie said dully.

"Well, sure, Angie. That's swell," Tony was puzzled.

"But don't you see, Tony? I can't—not after all the others—because we're different."

"You mean we don't have a maid, like the St. Johns, or a silver service?" She could see Tony's expression changing.

"Oh, no, Tony! It's more than that," Angie rushed on. "It's—oh, I never noticed before, but it's Pop and Mom—they don't talk like the St. Johns, and our food is different, and—well, we are, too."

Tony had stopped teetering now and his face had a closed look as though he were shutting her out.

"Angie," he said, and his voice was tight, too, like his face, "maybe we're different in little things, but in the important things we're the same." He stopped, and Angie knew he was fumbling for words, be-

cause Tony wasn't much on expressing himself with words. "And besides, Angie, we're your people, and any time you are ashamed of us, you ought to be ashamed of yourself right after."

Tony walked out then and Angie sat, more miserable than before. He was right, but still it didn't change anything. Through the garage window she could see Mom on the kitchen steps. Mom was little and stout and her gray hair was twisted in a plain knot. She stood looking around a minute, and then she called, "Angelina."

That was it, Angie thought unhappily. Mrs. St. John, beautifully dressed, coiffed, poised, said "Angela" in her well modulated voice. She was an American—not Mom.

As Angela walked to the kitchen she saw Pop looking wistfully at his grapevines, empty of fruit and winter-bound already. Pop had handle-bar mustaches, just like the ones he wore as a young man when he first came to this country, only now they were gray. Mr. St. John had a little, clipped mustache.

While she was setting the table for Sunday dinner, Angie

Tony was looking at Angie from across the table and she could see the hope in his eyes.



looked at her house with new eyes. It had always been home and perfectly all right, but now the living room with its three matched pieces of stuffed furniture looked all wrong, and so did Mom's crocheted doilies on every chair arm and back. And the upright piano, and the picture of the Madonna in the dining room with the vigil light burning under it offended her. She kept seeing the handsome furniture in the St. John living room, the grand piano, and the portrait of the St. John of Revolutionary days.

Upstairs, in her own room, Angie glared at herself in the mirror.

"Leslie has blonde hair, blue eyes, pink and white skin. You even look like a foreigner," she told her reflection bitterly. And for the first time in her life she hated her dark hair, brown eyes, and olive complexion.

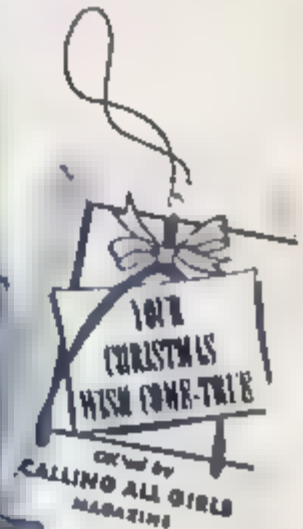
Somehow the days slipped by and, without ever really saying it to herself, Angie decided to forget the whole business of the dinner invitation. The orchestra was so busy planning the Thanksgiving Eve concert that everyone forgot anyway. Angie was to play her own composition, "High School Days," and she practiced like mad, putting everything out of her mind—even the fact that Tony didn't talk much to her.

The Thanksgiving Eve concert was stirring and successful beyond anyone's hopes, and Angie was amazed to find herself the star. At the end of "High School Days," the applause was a storm that seemed to want to bring down the auditorium. Angie could see Mom and Pop and Tony beaming and applauding, but best of all was the pride in Mr. Howard's eyes.

The blow fell after the concert when everybody was milling around the orchestra members. The St. Johns were standing close to Mr. Howard and Angie when it happened. Mom and Pop pushed their way through before Angie could stop them and Pop was booming, "Angelina, I wanta to meet the man who teechea you to play

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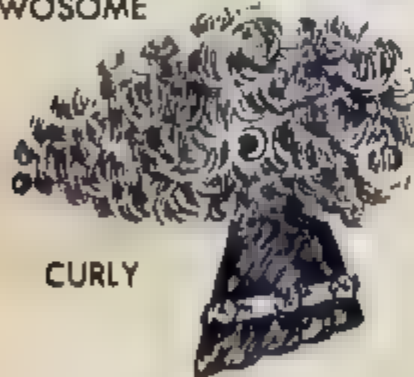
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the piano so very good!"

Angie was too frozen to move, but her cheeks were hot with embarrassment. She barely noticed Tony's indignant look in her direction or the hurried introductions he was making all around. All Angie could hear was Mom's foreign accent, Pop's broken English. Her little triumph was dust, and she wished the concert had never happened.

Mom was talking to Mr. Howard and Mrs. St. John. They were going over the Thanksgiving Concert and then they were talking about Thanksgiving Day. Everything happened so fast then that Angie's head whirled. Mom asked Mr. Howard where he was having Thanksgiving Day dinner and when he answered rather forlornly, "At a restaurant, I guess. I won't have enough time to go home," Mom burst out, "Dio mio!! You poor man! Come eata with us!"

After that, Angie was torn between frantic preparation and despair. Mom had all her shopping done, but Angie polished the house within an inch of its life, set and reset the table, and haunted the kitchen like an angry ghost.

"Mom, Americans don't have spaghetti and turkey for Thanksgiving dinner," she pleaded. But Mom was adamant. If other people didn't know what was good, Mom pointed out, there was no reason the Orlandos should deprive themselves of it.

Angie could only hope that maybe Mr. Howard wouldn't be able to come, that...

The jangling of the doorbell shattered her dream. Angie was in the kitchen holding a pan for Mom and she couldn't answer the bell herself.

"Now he knows," Angie thought miserably. "Now he knows we're different and he won't be proud of me again."

When Mom relieved her of the pan, Angie walked slowly through the dining room, tiptoed across the hall, afraid to look yet drawn to the living room. Pop, sleeves rolled up, was waving his arms in time

with the Overture to Act III of "La Traviata" that poured from the phonograph. Mr. Howard, also in shirt sleeves, was tapping his fingers and shouting, "I haven't heard better music, sir, since I was at the Scala in Milan!"

Tony, Pop, and Mr. Howard, talking all at once, their laughter getting all mixed up in the tragic notes of the Overture. Then Mom was beside her in the doorway, greeting Mr. Howard cordially.

Angie couldn't take in all that was happening: Mr. Howard chuckling delightedly over the miniature, hand-painted Sicilian donkey cart on the living-room table. Mr. Howard telling Mom he hadn't seen such exquisitely stitched doilies in all of Italy.

Angie was making a last trip to the dining room with flowers for the table when she saw Mr. Howard standing before the Madonna, heard him telling Tony about the beautiful original that was in the Vatican at Rome. She kept looking at Mr. Howard's face to see if it could tell her whether he was just being a polite guest, whether he was just trying to put his hosts at ease. Yet something inside her that had been numb for weeks was stirring to life. And then they were sitting down at the table and Mom, her face flushed from cooking, looked at Mr. Howard and asked him to say grace. There was a second while he looked over the table and serving table with their strange collection of spaghetti and turkey, antipasto and cranberry sauce. Then his voice sounded, deep and quiet:

"We thank Thee, oh Lord, for these Thy gifts which we are about to receive, through Thy bounty, and for this America which holds all that is good of all lands, for all of us to share in fellowship and love."

Angie hardly heard Mom and Pop's "amen." Tony was looking at her from across the table and she could see the hope in his eyes. She looked straight at him, eyes moist, as her own "amen" rang out proudly.

PATTERNS FOR PARTIES

(Continued from page 24)

card invitations, make sure you use the aces, twos, threes and fours. The four players having the aces will start out at the first table, the twos at the second, and so on depending on the number of your guests. Have each table play one game and then winners move on to the next table. Prizes should be ten-cent puzzles and games.

Here is a paper and pencil game that strikes a responsive cord in nearly everyone's heart. Give each person a piece of paper and pencil. Turn out all the lights and tell them to draw an elephant. After they have drawn it, tell them to draw a man leading the elephant. By this time they will have forgotten where the elephant is, so tell them to put a fancy blanket on its back because it is a circus elephant. Turn on the lights and inspect the art.

If you have a room that lends

itself to a bit of racing around, you can give your friends a good workout and time out with an action game. A good March party game is to Blow the Man Down. Each player is given an ordinary drinking straw and a small paper doll cut from tissue paper. You might let the guests cut out their own the size they prefer. All blowers then stand at the starting line and blow their dolls down to the goal—blow, not carry them at the end of the straw. When they get there, they must reverse the procedure and take them back to the starting point on the end of the straw by sucking in their breath. First one to complete the course wins.

It's a good idea to break up all active games with occasional spectator games. If your crowd hasn't tried the old favorite charades, they really should give it a whirl. The

hostess gives each guest a slip of paper with a word on it. Then each guest takes turns acting his word out for the other players to guess. For instance, purple. Pretend you have a cat and say, "Nice kitty, you should purr and not try to pull away all the time." Or, carpet. You can drive a car and then pet a dog. The fun is in the acting, but you can keep score on who guesses the most first. If you get really good at the game, you can choose a book title or name of a famous person or a slogan and have two or three people act them out in a short skit as a team.

There are many games and to list them all would take books. In fact all libraries have books on games. Look them up, mix them up, stir in some of your own ideas, and dish them out to your friends. And your parties will always spell fun for everyone concerned.

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AT HOME IN
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Girls, if you can Walk—You can Dance—My Wonderful Patterns teach you in a jiffy to dance like an expert.

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Money order ☐ for the following dance patterns: Fox
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stood that the above patterns will be sent post paid and
that I may return them within five days if I am not
entirely satisfied and my money will be returned.

Name

Address

City

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Please send Patterns C.O.D. I agree to pay postman (\$ plus postage and C.O.D. charges.)

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and Fine Stores Everywhere

ETON Britisher

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

New York City

New York

NEW BOOKS FOR YOU

(Continued from page 17)

Sensible Kate (Viking, \$2.00), by Doris Gates, is a little girl many of you will like. An artist pair, man and wife, show Kate one needn't be too sensible and when one of them paints her portrait, Kate wins a home with them. In *Candy Kane* (Dutton, \$2.00) Janet Lambert tells the adventure of a major's daughter at Fort Benning. Candy, loyal and honest, quite different from her oversophisticated older sister, discovers she can sing and wows them all when she takes part in a soldiers' show at the post.

If your line needs freshening, you'll want to read *Lucy Ellen's College Daze* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.00), by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright. It's just as crazy as the title indicates and just as much fun, another *Junior Miss Bars on Her Shoulders* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), by Jean Stansbury, will tell you many of the things you'd like to know about the WACs. And you'll learn a lot you never suspected about defense areas and what is meant by the "army at home" when you read Gertrude Mallette's *Wenderley* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), the story of Lesley Farnham, who proves her patriotism by leaving her comfortable home to keep house for her father in a trailer near a great defense project.

And speaking of the war, you and your crowd and the whole family, for that matter, will find a lot of practical help in Ruth Brindze's *You Can Help Your Country Win* (Vanguard, \$2.50). After you've read how to take care of your bike you might have the crowd in to a bike cleaning and oiling party.

Not a storybook, not a book to read today and forget tomorrow, but a book to think about and to share, *Watchwords of Liberty* (Little, Brown, \$2.00) is a pageant of American quotations, selected and illustrated by Robert Lawson. The striking pictures and stirring text will indeed help you Build the Future with Books.



Look for the fashions
O.K.'ed by
CALLING ALL GIRLS
(or similar fashions)
in the teen departments
of the stores
listed below:

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Boise, Idaho C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Boston, Mass. Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn. The D. M. Read Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Namm Store, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adam & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa H. N. Croemer
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Cincinnati, Ohio John Shillita Co.
Cleveland, Ohio The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas Titchie Goettinger Co.
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Detroit, Mich. Crowley, Milner Co.
Evansville, Ind. The Baby Shop
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Worcester, Mass. Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Inc.
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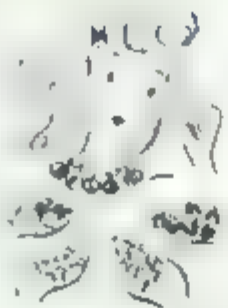
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Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Gadgets for Girls

Gadget Give-aways—

Hard up for a gift for the small ones of your family? You can make one in a jiffy with a cake of floating soap and a dull knife. Carve an animal or a doll out of the soap and give it to your little brother or sister for a bath toy. (Save the chips for use in a soap shaker.)—*Patsy Harrington, San Diego, Calif.* Daddy would appreciate your own handiwork on a gift. Fix up a distinctive ashtray for him by getting a plain glass one and paint his initials on the underside. Red nail polish would show through nicely.—*Robin Ridgway Hinsdale, New York, N. Y.* And Mother would like a cranberry corsage. String cranberries on a thin wire—the kind that comes around milk bottle tops. Fasten the strung cranberries to a little piece of Christmas-tree branch. Top it off with a perky bow.—*Diana Stettin, Brooklyn, N. Y.*



The Little Things in Life—You can iron hair ribbons quickly by drawing them across a lighted electric bulb.—*Barbara Decker, Beloit, Wis.* Rescue those precious hairpins that hide about your bedroom floor by attaching a small magnet to the front of your vacuum or carpet sweeper.—*Beverly Pannill, Weirton, W. Va.* Let one hat go the rounds of your wardrobe by making different bands for it. If you make your own clothes, bands made out of the leftover scraps are nice. Otherwise, use matching or contrasting ribbons. A couple of snaps make them quickly changeable.—*Connie Slattey,*

Manitowoc, Wis. A paper milk carton or an oatmeal box, covered with wallpaper or chintz, makes a fine hatstand for your closet.—*Frae Ella Mundil, Milwaukee, Ore.*

New Lapel Favorites—

The smell of spring will always be with you if you follow these simple instructions. Take an acorn and cut off the top. Drill six small holes in the cap. Saturate a small piece of sponge with your favorite perfume and stick the sponge in the acorn. Clamp the cap on and pin it to your lapel. To be more decorative you can use your water colors and paint a face or any other design on the acorn.—*Dorlene Gianessi, Pekin, Ill.* Ask your mother or your aunt if she has

an earring that has no use because its mate is lost. Put the earring in your lapel or in the top buttonhole of your jacket. Screw it on. You'll find it nifty and thrifty, too.—*Sonya Romer, Montreal, Que.* Take those leftover birthday candles, soften them just enough to bend, and shape them into your name or monogram. Attach them to varnished wood with the usual safety pin on the back and you will have a very fine lapel pin.—*Lita de Veyra, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine—

Keep a pretty pincushion on your dresser all equipped with needles threaded with different colors of thread. With the material so handy, you'll find those little mendings easily done.—*Norma Walters, Winnipeg, Man.*

Girls! BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD

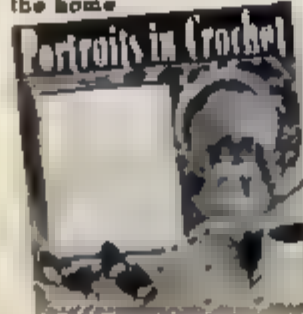
to wear these original new designs by LILY. Designed especially for smart young moderns. So quickly and easily made with Lily's New Knitting and Crochet Cotton No. 600. All your favorite colors to choose from. Won't fade, either.

1. The Little Dutch Hat, with Matching Bag, you'll love, and wear everywhere.
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A story about a girl and a lonely soldier and the spirit of Christmas, which will twang your heartstrings.

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And shows that it has thoughtful ideas of what the war is about, and what the postwar world should be.

THE BRIDE WORE KHAKI

A true picture story of romance and courage in the midst of the battle on the new historic Island of Bataan.

And lots more of the fine features of fun, facts, and fiction that you know you will find in every issue of your favorite magazine.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 25)

the typist, the writer in most cases plod along for many months and years until they become expert. Patience, effort, and trying to learn more and more bring the best results. Everyone cannot be expected to achieve the same success either, for no two people are ever alike in their endowment or in their experiences.

I'm afraid I don't love my mother and father as I should. Can you suggest any way to conquer this fear?—Mary G., aged 12, Michigan.

MARY can be sure many other girls have had unhappy times because they have found they just could not love everything about their parents all of the time.

It should also be a comfort to know that having ups and downs like this is very, very normal. Mary is probably a devoted daughter who appreciates her parents' love and affection. But she finds that sometimes she actually has passing feelings of disappointment in, dislike for, or perhaps even anger toward these very same parents of hers. And she is troubled about this. It might surprise her to know that mothers and fathers also experience mixed feelings of this kind. In fact, all people do. The important thing is to try to understand about feelings, to face them, and to try to be as just and kind as possible.

No doubt Mary has read stories or seen movies where people love and hate the same person at the same time. There are certain things about everyone that are lovable and other things that are not. But even when we dislike particular qualities in those dear to us we know we do love the people; that is probably true of Mary's feelings toward her parents. There should be occasions for talking over misunderstandings or disagreements so that everyone can understand everyone else better all around.

Super Special for Christmas



TWO on a Christmas wish—Gloria and Consuelo O'Connor, our 15-year-old front cover twins. They agree with the Hi-Style Scouts about fur coats and quilted housecoats and they're crossing their fingers till Christmas. They picked the fringed fascinators by Cinderella Knit-Knacks and the mittens by Wear-Right on our front cover, too.

ABOVE—Wish for a beaver-brown mouton coat to wear over dress-up and sports clothes. About \$110, sizes 9 to 17. Felt calot with loops and veil, about \$3.25. Nectar, Teen-Age by Gage. Shelby beret, about \$2.50.

RIGHT—We hope you find a Featherweight cotton quilt robe under the tree, about \$6. And your favorite beauty accessories—a nail polish kit by Cutex and that haunting Pink Party perfume by Lenthic. "We're wishing for bedroom slippers," say the Scouts, so here are Kleinert's Chenille Scuffies and Booties.



Wish-Come-True fashions identified by this tag at stores listed on another page.



GIRLS, SEW ALL THESE WONDERFUL THINGS YOURSELF



NEW, EASY, SIMPLIFIED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN SEWING shows every step—makes sewing delightful even if you've never sewed a stitch before. Very first lesson shows how to make a pinafore. Soon you'll be making party dresses, hats, gifts, everything! Sew, save and serve America by making things instead of buying them!

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TOO SMALL TO WEAR TEEN SIZES



"Chick," will you get "the old one two" when your "O.A.O." casts his "peepers" on your "drape shape" in this PETITEEN dress. If you are a small teen and crave big teen glamour, then PETITEEN is for you. Made of rayon and wool flannel with floral trimming along pockets and shoulders. Colors: winter white only. Sizes 10-12-14. Retail about \$9.

May Co. S. Forman
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Mahne's
Newark, N. J.

Date Dreaming with DONALD O'CONNOR

WHAT girl wouldn't like to cut a rug with Donald O'Connor, seventeen-year-old star of Universal Pictures? Well, just supposing that Donald should call you for a date this Christmas vacation, here are the dresses he'd like you to wear

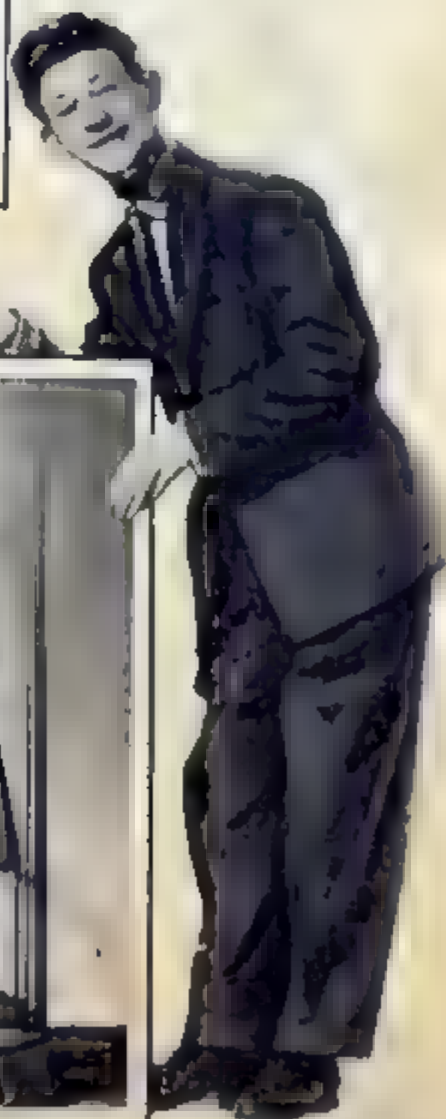


Checked, two-piece, velvet trimmed. "Okay," says Donald. Gloria Dale, 16, of Davis High, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., makes her modeling debut in it. Gloria sings, too, and she hopes to be in pictures.

Dress at left, about \$9. Dress below, about \$8. Both Teen-timer Originals. Teen sizes 10 to 16. Bloomingdale's, N. Y. Send 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope for the name of store in your town.

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Spun rayon with apron effect outlined in eyelid embroidery. Gloria is one of the many teens who dotes on earrings.



EAR-RESISTIBLES

If your date dress is on the plain side, glamorize it with costume jewelry like these ceramic earring and brooch sets by Accessocraft. Earrings and pins, about \$1 each. Buy them at Teen Gadgeteries.

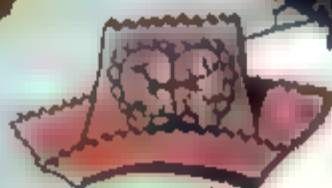




FURRY MITTS and SHARP ARGYLE ANKLETS. Gloves, about \$3, by Wear Right. Anklets, in colors, by La Roi.



PASTEL PULL-ONSWEATER. GOOD AND SLOPPY. About \$4, by Regal in white, pink, blue, maize.

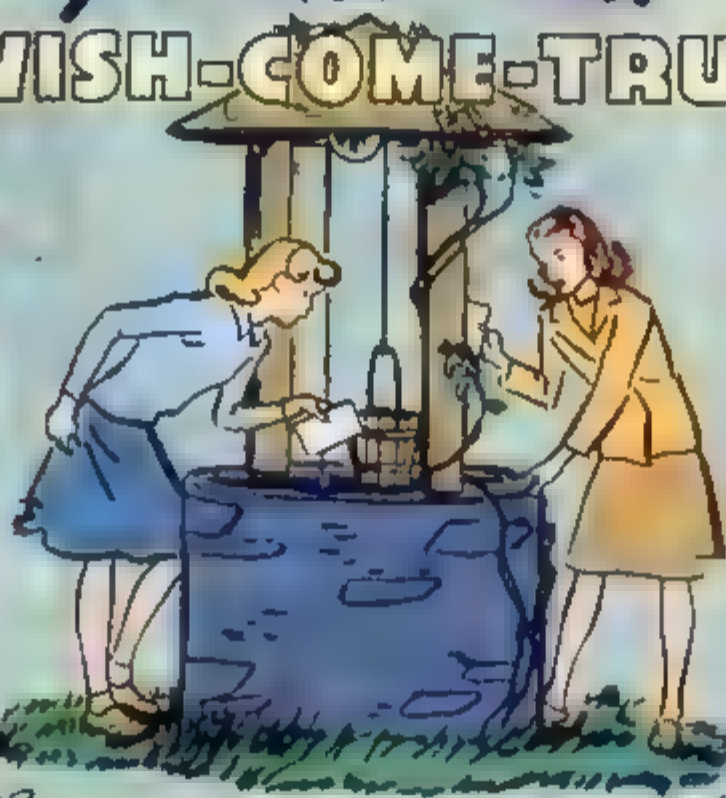


PEASANTY FELT FRIPPERIES. Laced bodice about \$3.25; hot, about \$2.25.

Your Christmas WISH-COME-TRUE



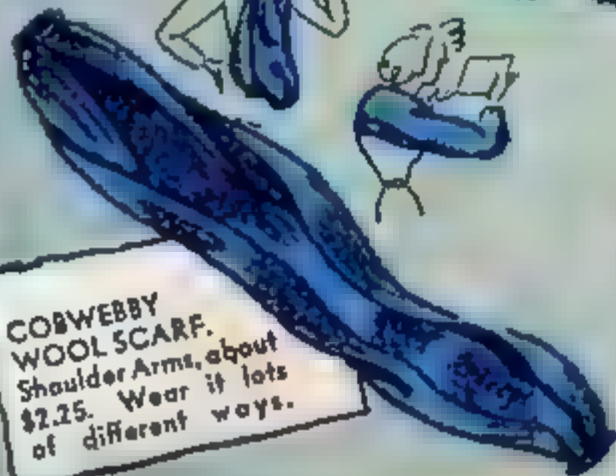
A BAG — BIG AND RED. By Pyramid, about \$2, shoulder strap style



A BLAZER—TAILORED TO A "T." Eton Britisher, about \$15.



UNRATED PLAY SHOES Repsters with rosette; Free-doms with Sylon soles. About \$6 per pair, in black and brown.



COBWEBBY WOOL SCARF. Shoulder Arms, about \$2.25. Wear it lots of different ways.



LAPPELLUNACIES—PURTY EARRINGS All by Caroleen, about \$1 each.



Dept. 464, Minneapolis 13, Minnesota. And send today!

LET'S MAKE OUR CHRISTMAS WISHES NOW—and maybe they'll come true. Here are the gifts the Hi-Style Scouts are wishing for—every one, except for the play shoes, to be found in the Teen Department of your favorite store. So drop your wishes in the Wishing Well (you will probably find a real Wishing Well in the Teen Department of a leading store in your own city) or wear them in a Wishing Box on your lapel. Here's hoping they all come true! Here's hoping that you all have a very, very Merry Christmas!

West of Champions"
100 Milk and Fruit



Out of this World

WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS WITH PRESS-ON MENDING TAPE

AND A HOT IRON!

You're in the groove with Press-On Mending Tape—the wonder tape you iron on to make old things look new, and new things look gay as a Christmas tree! Solve Christmas gift problems with Press-On Mending Tape—show your family and friends you've really put your heart into your gift-giving.

Here are a few hints on dressing up gifts with Press-On Tape & a hot iron. The Press-On

"idea" book (send for it—costs only a few pennies) will give you 100 adorable appliques in tracing size and more in-the-grive hints on gift decorating.

MAKE IT A PERSONAL CHRISTMAS

Plain, inexpensive dickeys, sweaters, handkerchiefs—or makeup and handkerchief cases look very so-lala with smart monograms—military or floral motifs of Press-On tape, in color.



For mother—a gift of a few pillow cases, kitchen towels, or a tablecloth with her initials ironed on, will be so appreciated because you took the time and loving thought to do it.

Make this Christmas a specially wonderful one! Send a slim dime for the Press-On Wonderbook, "Fabric Decorating and Mending with a Flat Iron," and a sample piece of Press-On free!



Hahne's
Newark, N. J.

When

IT'S FUN TO SEW

CHAPTER III

SWEETHEART SUSPENDERS

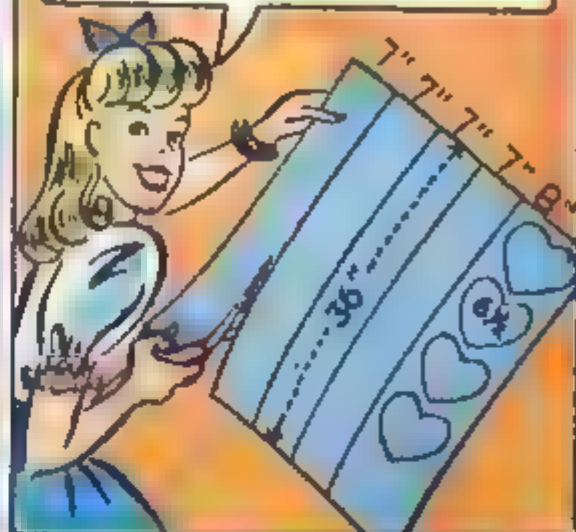


YUMMY,
WHAT KEEN
SUSPENDERS!

MAKE THEM
YOURSELF, MISS
NIMBLE THIMBLE,
FOR GIFTS.



CUT A YARD OF FABRIC INTO
FOUR 7" STRIPS AND FOUR
HEARTS. MAKES TWO PAIRS.



JUST in time for Christmas—Sweetheart Suspenders that any girl would love to receive and every girl can learn to make. Follow directions with a yard of fabric for two pairs.

If you start to work now, you can have enough ready by Christmas for all your friends. Then invest in War Stamps the Christmas money you've saved!

For instruction leaflet on "How to Make Suspenders," send 3¢ stamp to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 82 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



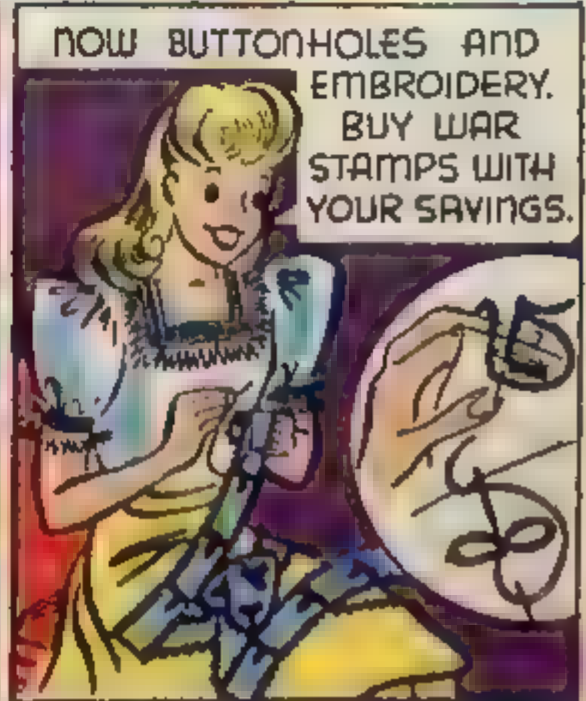
FOLD STRIPS IN HALF
VERTICALLY. STIFFEN
WITH MUSLIN. TURN
WITH A PENCIL.



YOUR MACHINE
MAKES SHORT
WORK OF
RICKRACK.



NOW BUTTONHOLES AND
EMBROIDERY.
BUY WAR
STAMPS WITH
YOUR SAVINGS.



ing to advertisers, Please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Can't get your man?



"Look, Cutie-pie," says Big Sister. . . (You always have adored Big Sister. Tagged after her, when you were little. Hung around her and her first beau, till they gave you a nickel to go 'way.

And now that you're old enough to have your own dates, nothing happens. Or the right man's not interested. So you're asking for heart-to-heart advice.)

"Look Cutie-pie," says Big Sister. "The boys go for gals with some sparkle. The live-wire type. You're pretty as can be, but honey, are you maybe a bit droopy? I suspect it's because you don't eat properly, for one thing. No breakfast this morning, remember?"

Big Sister has something there. There's plenty of allure in pep and high spirits. So if you want to be a come-hither gal, and have the telephone ringing, fellows dropping by—try giving yourself some nourishment to go on. . . Eat three

good meals a day, beginning with breakfast.

Now look, who said you had to stoke away a huge breakfast? No one's claiming you're a lumberjack. But do tuck away enough to help your energy and zing. Have at least a big bowl of Wheaties, topped with fruit 'n cream.

Some super-duper nourishment in that combination. Wheaties are a whole grain cereal, like your Uncle Sam says you should pick. Toasted flakes of good whole wheat. Just brimming with food-energy (lots needed if you're going to really click). Also vitamins, minerals, good proteins—stuff you can't ignore if you want to vibrate.

Swell eating, too. Wheaties are powerful good. Crackly golden flakes, full of rich, nut-sweet flavor

So tomorrow, start getting into the swing of things. For one thing, start eating right, beginning with Wheaties at breakfast.

And look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 464, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. And send today!

Get in the groove with

WHEATIES "Breakfast of Champions" with Milk and Fruit

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(Continued from page 22)

decided to quit for the night. "It's no use," Jill said, stretching her stiff legs. "They'll never come now."

The walk home seemed endless, but at last they came to the Watson gate where the boys left the two girls. Jill had left the front door unlatched so they had no trouble getting back into the house and to bed. "Bed with capital letters." Jill smiled as she wriggled down under the covers. But her smile turned to a thoughtful frown as Babs, climbing into bed, said, "Are you sure we decoded that note right?"

"Of course. No other way..." She sat up and looked at Babs. "Do you suppose somebody warned them?"

"Who would? Only the four of us knew about it."

"Somebody else knew," Jill corrected her.

Babs was perplexed. "Who?"

"Don't you remember? Mike. Ronnie started to tell him about it."

"Oh, you don't count him seriously? He was with us until midnight. If he hadn't caught a fish, he'd have been there longer." Babs was amazed at Jill for even mentioning the little fellow. "Besides, he's hardly more than a baby."

"No, he's not. He's thirteen," Jill reminded her. "Anyway, someone warned the Spooks. They knew we'd be there."

"Well, Mike isn't important and we'll probably never see him again." Babs yawned. "And I'm getting awfully sleepy, so let's talk about the Spooks in the morning." She switched off the light.

A moment or two of silence, then Babs whispered, "Jill, are you asleep?"

"Almost," Jill murmured drowsily. "Why?"

Babs sounded worried. "I was just thinking. I hope Mike won't be sick."

"Huh—why should he be?"

"If he eats that fish, he will be. It was dead."

"What on earth are you talk-

ing about, Babs?" said Jill.

"The fish he caught. I saw him pull it out of the water. It didn't wriggle or anything, and it smelled funny."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I saw him yank the hook out of its mouth."

Jill was startled. "A dead fish couldn't get on his hook unless he put it there. Queer. I wonder why he did it."

Babs did not answer; and although Jill tried to puzzle it out herself, she was soon asleep.

MY PRISON

By ANN YARROW

Eleven Years Old

As I look out of my window
From my prison in a chair,
I see the children playing
In the crisp winter air.

Oh how I long to be
With that merry, laughing group
Of children who can flee
From this prison of a chair.

And who don't have to mope
In this world and bear
The grief with which I hope
For the day I may have the fun
Of coming from my chair
To go off and play and run.

Not long afterward Jill awoke with a start. The room was dark. She could hear Babs' steady, even breathing and the rustle of the window curtains fluttering in the light breeze. No other sounds disturbed the rather ominous stillness. No creaking boards, nor stealthy footsteps as she half-expected. After several minutes of tense listening, she relaxed.

"I must have been dreaming," she told herself. "If..." Something brushed across her face.

For a moment of sheer panic Jill lay there, scarcely daring to breathe. The thing touched her again, this time on the tip of her nose. So soft and light

it almost felt like a dried leaf. She waited, but nothing happened. Gathering courage, she drew herself into a sitting position, and turned on the bedside lamp. A folded piece of paper, tied by a string, dangled in front of her. Dumbfounded, she followed the length of string upward to the ceiling where a toy balloon, filled with gas, was rolling languidly from side to side.

"Babs," she cried, "look!"

Babs blinked and rubbed her eyes. "A balloon!" she gasped. All her sleepiness had disappeared. "Where did it come from?"

"I don't know" Jill hesitated. "Do you suppose the boys are trying to play a joke on us?"

"But how could they get the balloon in here? It wasn't in the room when we went to bed."

Still mystified, Jill looked around. "The window!" she said suddenly. "The breeze is in the right direction—see how it's blowing the curtains in. All they had to do was get the balloon into position and let go the string."

"I suppose it's possible," Babs agreed. "But why?"

With a start Jill remembered the paper. "It must be a note," she said, and reached for the dangling end near the pillow on her bed.

Edging closer, Babs watched Jill untie the string. "This is fun," she grinned.

"I didn't think so when it woke me up," Jill told her. "I was scared stiff." She unfolded the paper and began to read.

"It's not from the boys!" She looked surprised and excited.

"It's a warning!"

"A warning?" Babs stared at her. "Not..."

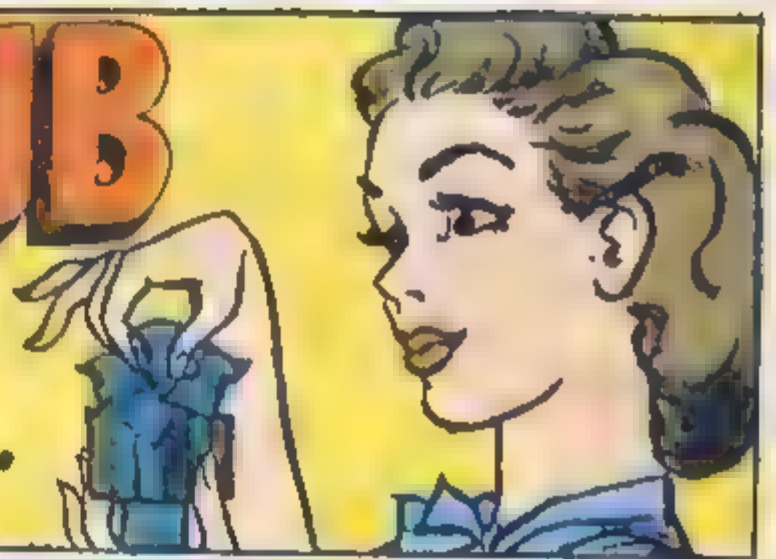
"Yes. The Spooks. Listen:

"If you want good health and countless dreams,
Don't meddle in the Spooks' own schemes.
For woe to you who dare impede:
You've had your warning so take heed."

(To be continued)

The VICTORY CLUB

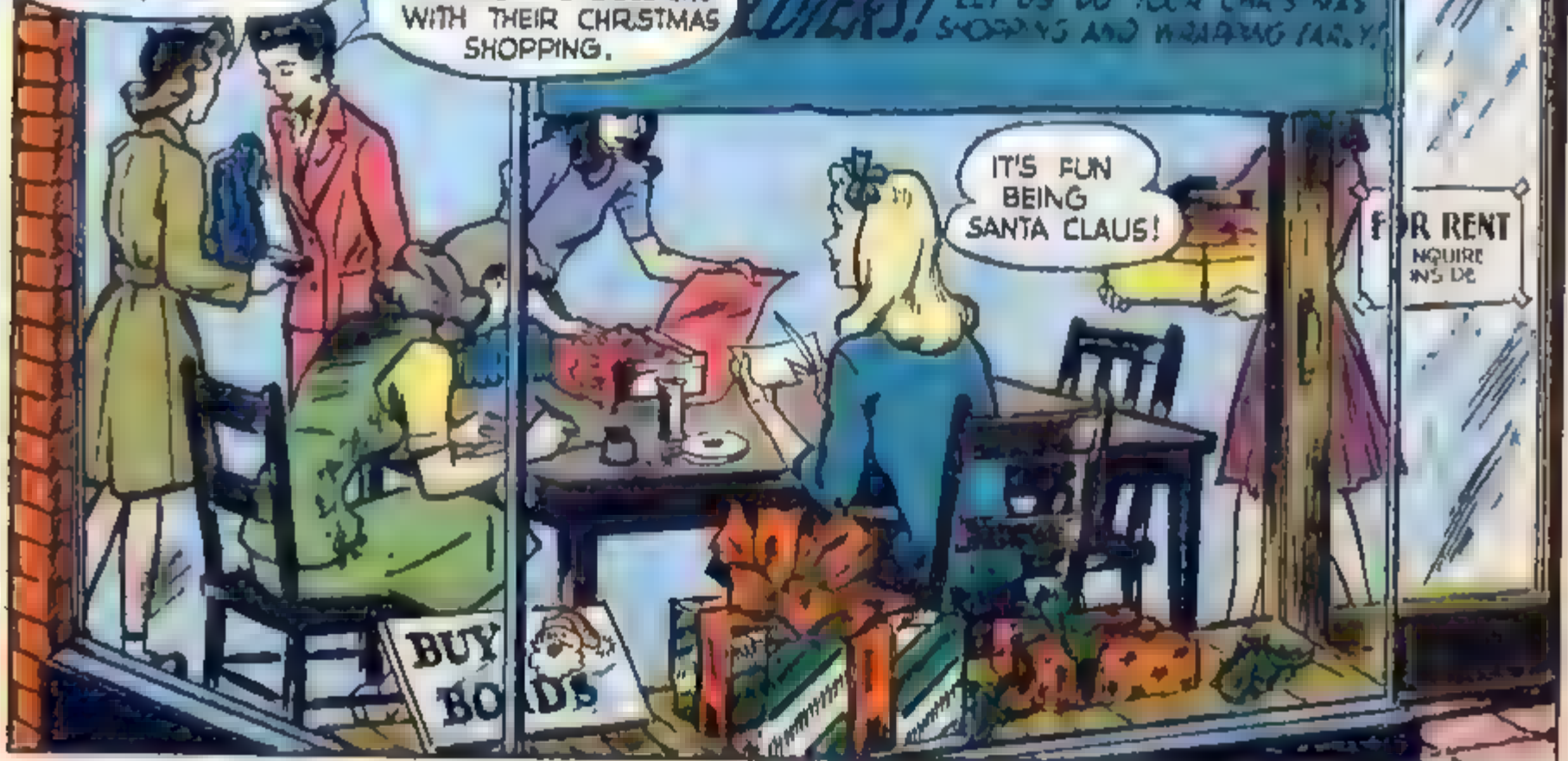
WITH THIS RING...



LOOK AT THE LOVELY SCARF I BOUGHT FOR THAT LIEUTENANT'S MOTHER, MISS AMES.

THE VICTORY CLUB IS CERTAINLY DOING FINE WORK IN HELPING THE SOLDIERS WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

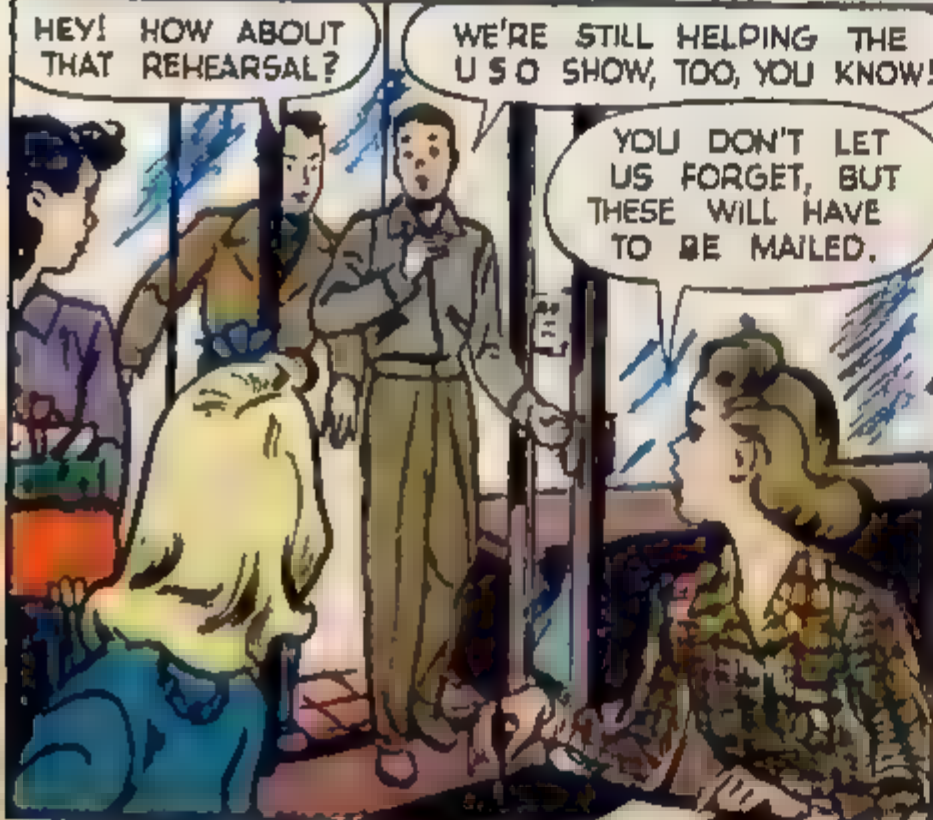
VICTORY CLUB WRAP SHACK
SOLDIERS! LET US DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AND WRAPPING EARLY!



HEY! HOW ABOUT THAT REHEARSAL?

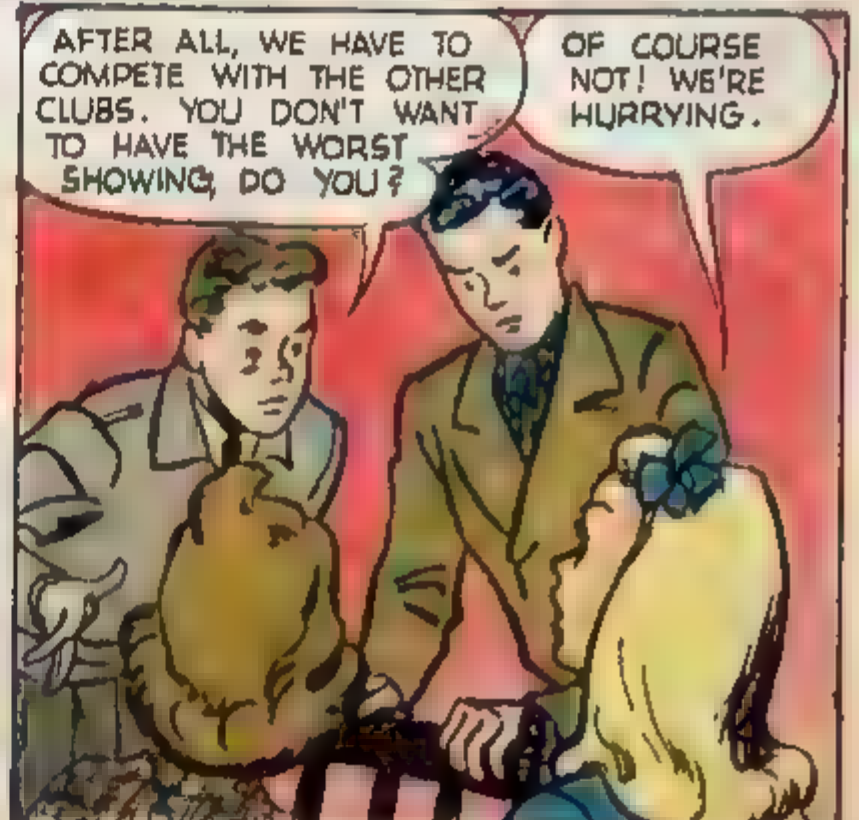
WE'RE STILL HELPING THE U.S.O. SHOW, TOO, YOU KNOW!

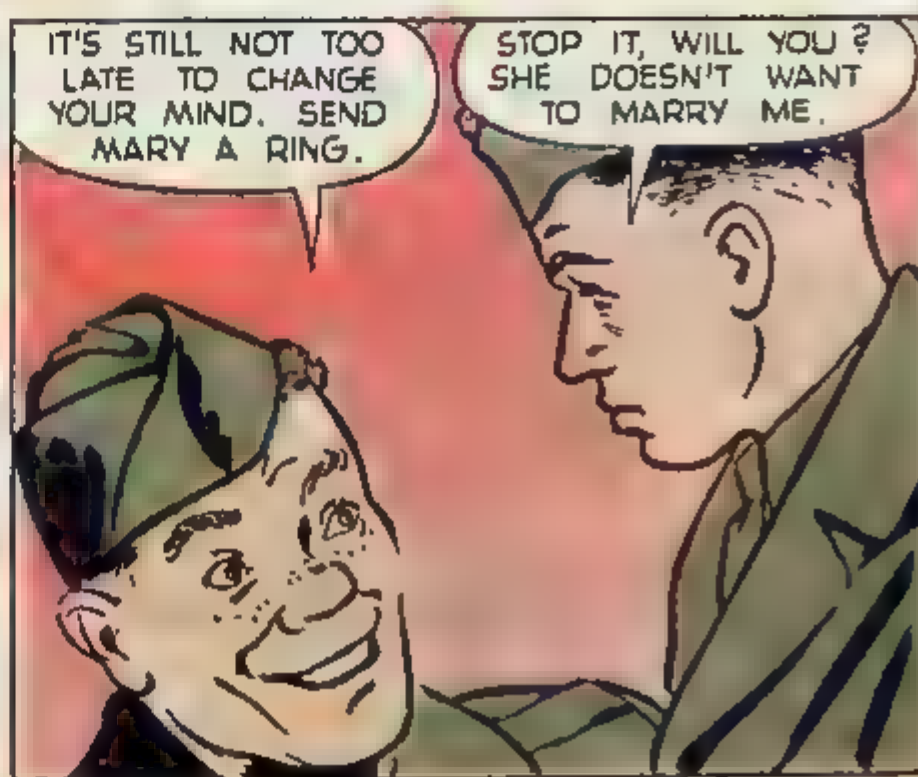
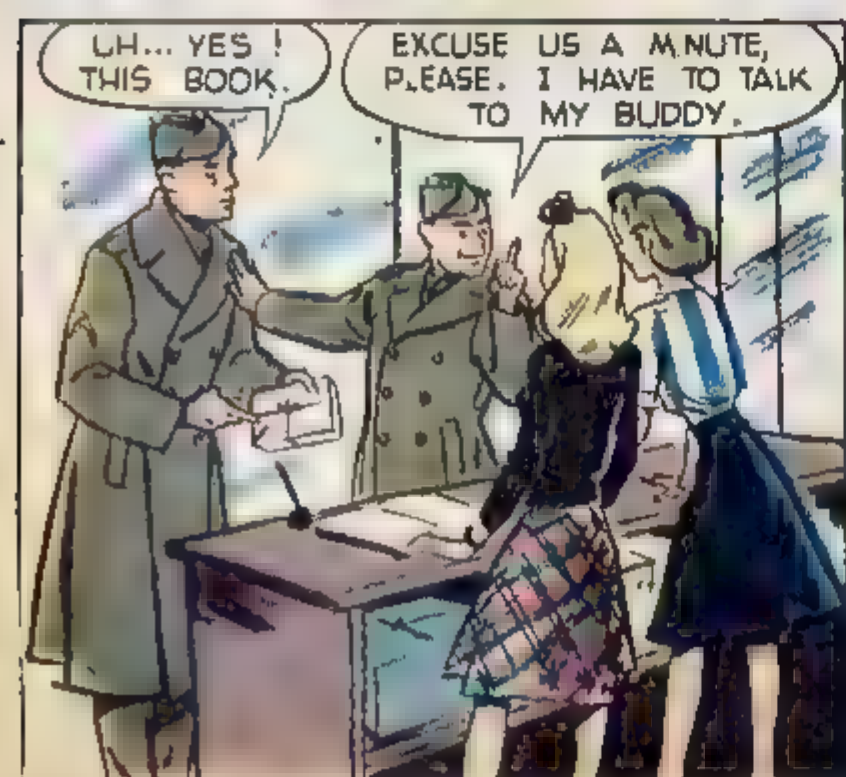
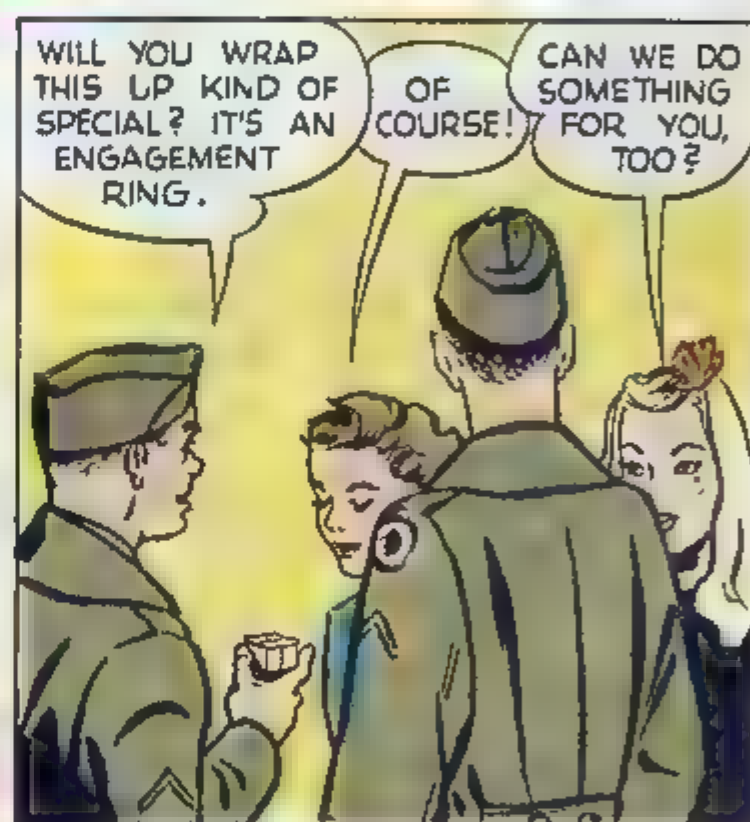
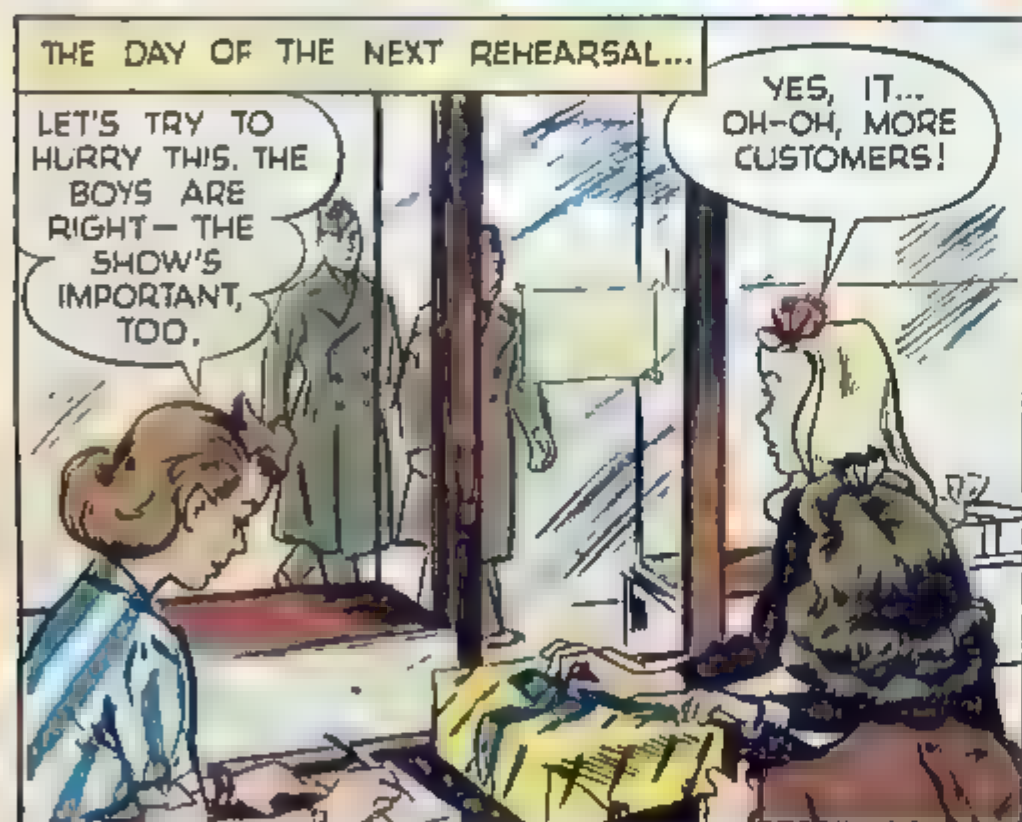
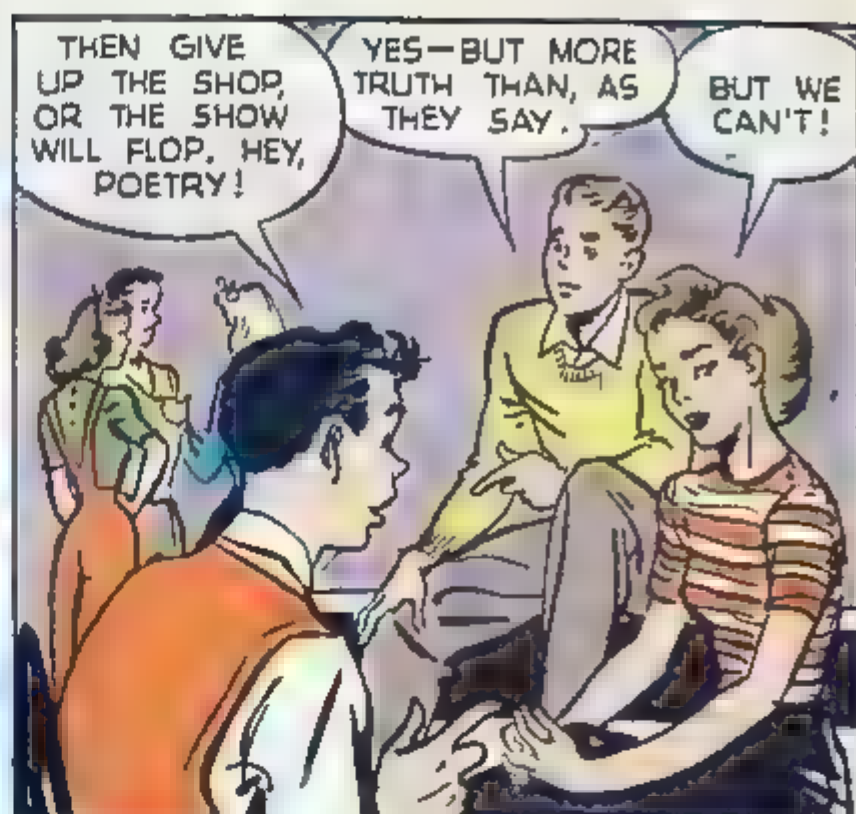
YOU DON'T LET US FORGET, BUT THESE WILL HAVE TO BE MAILED.

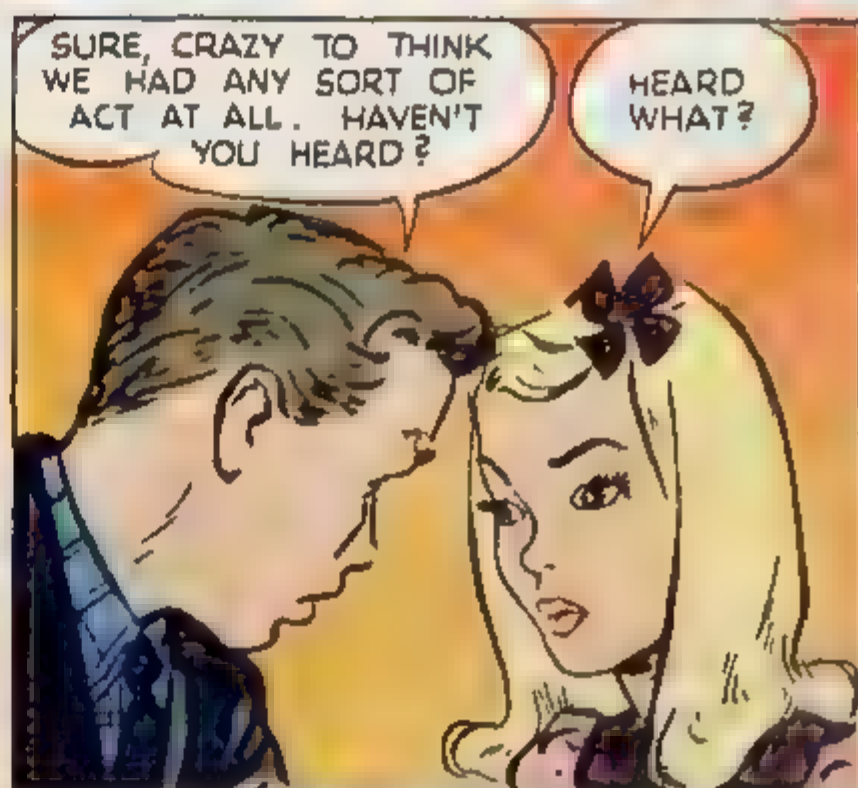
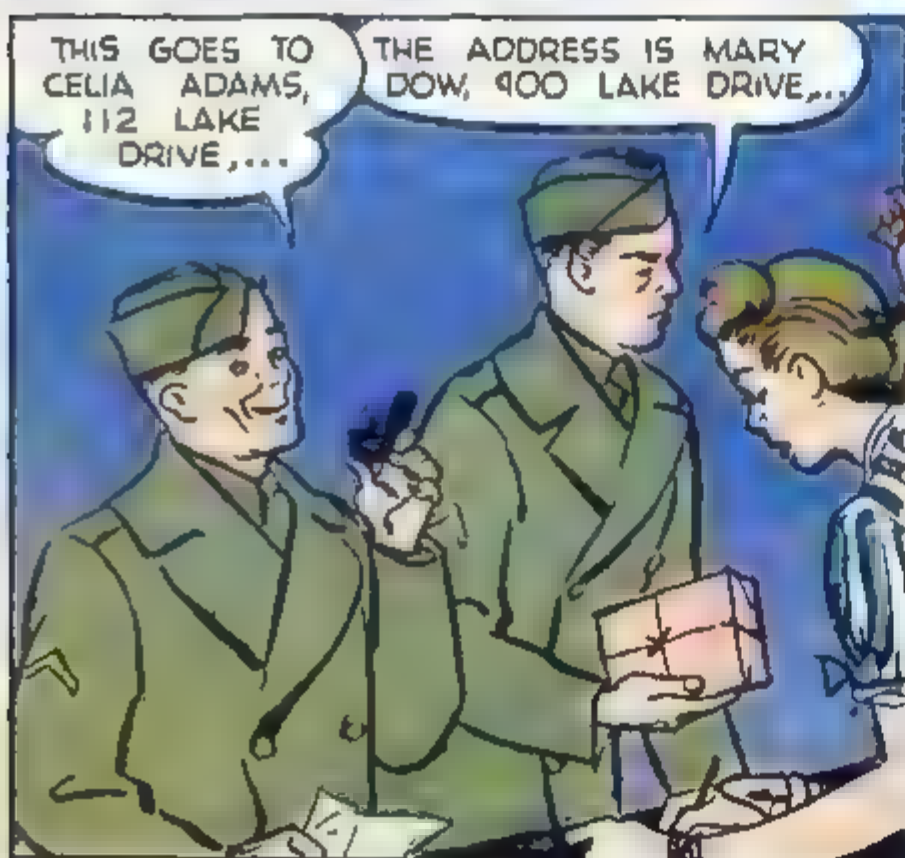
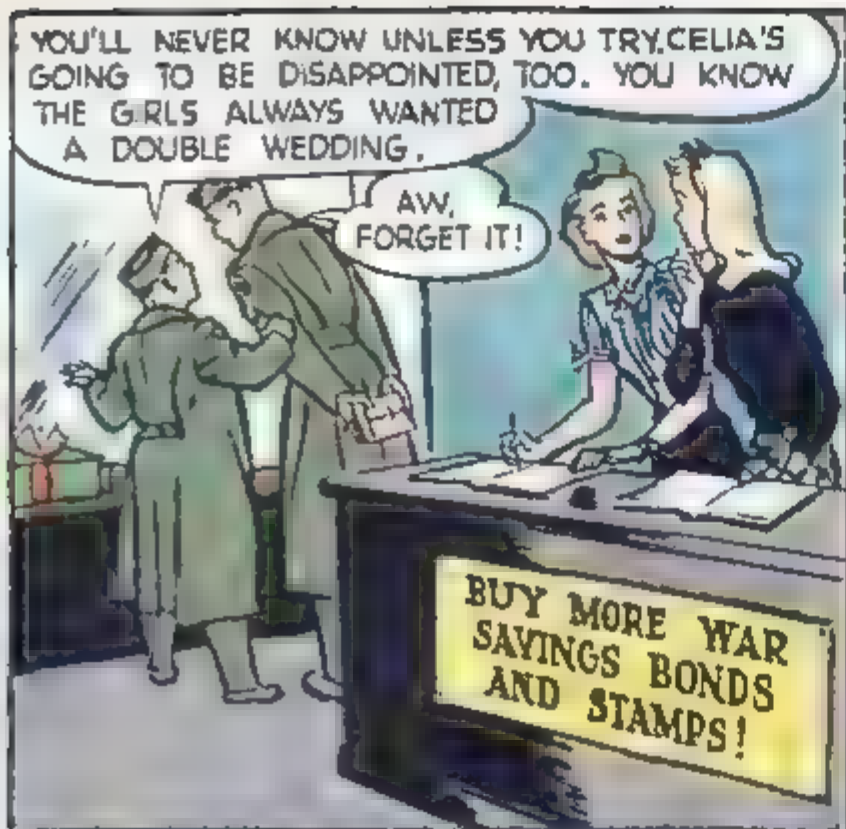


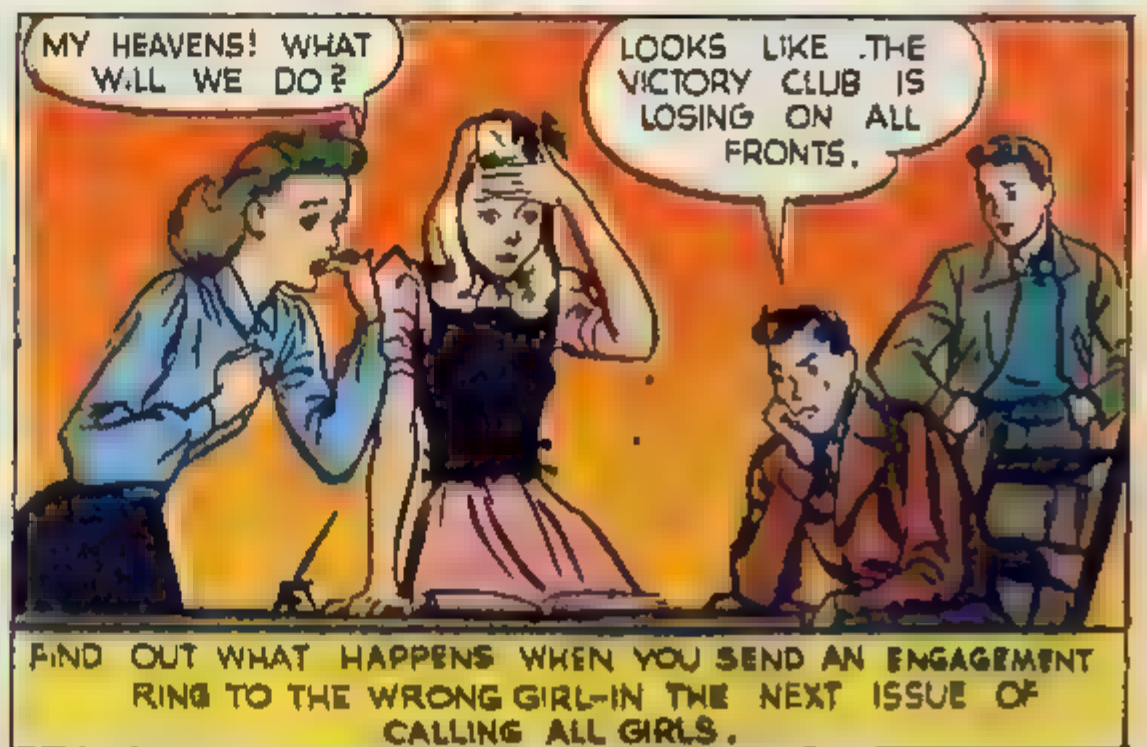
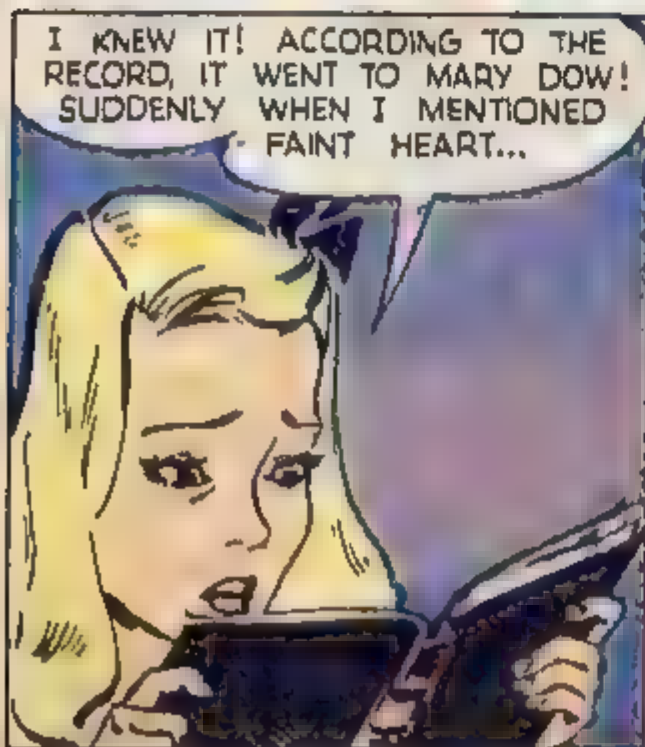
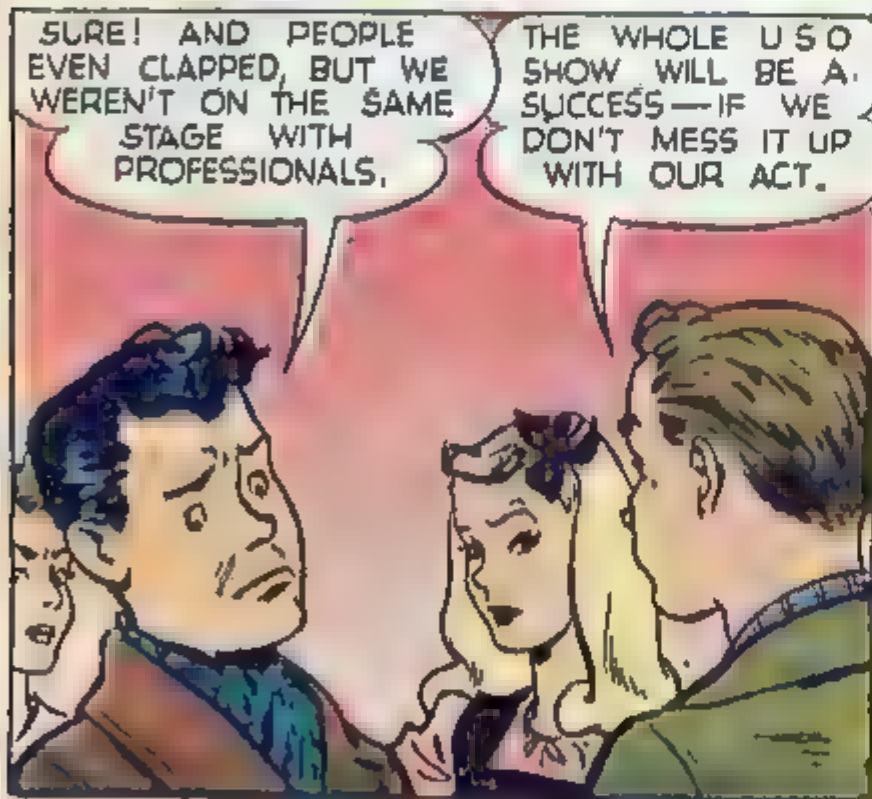
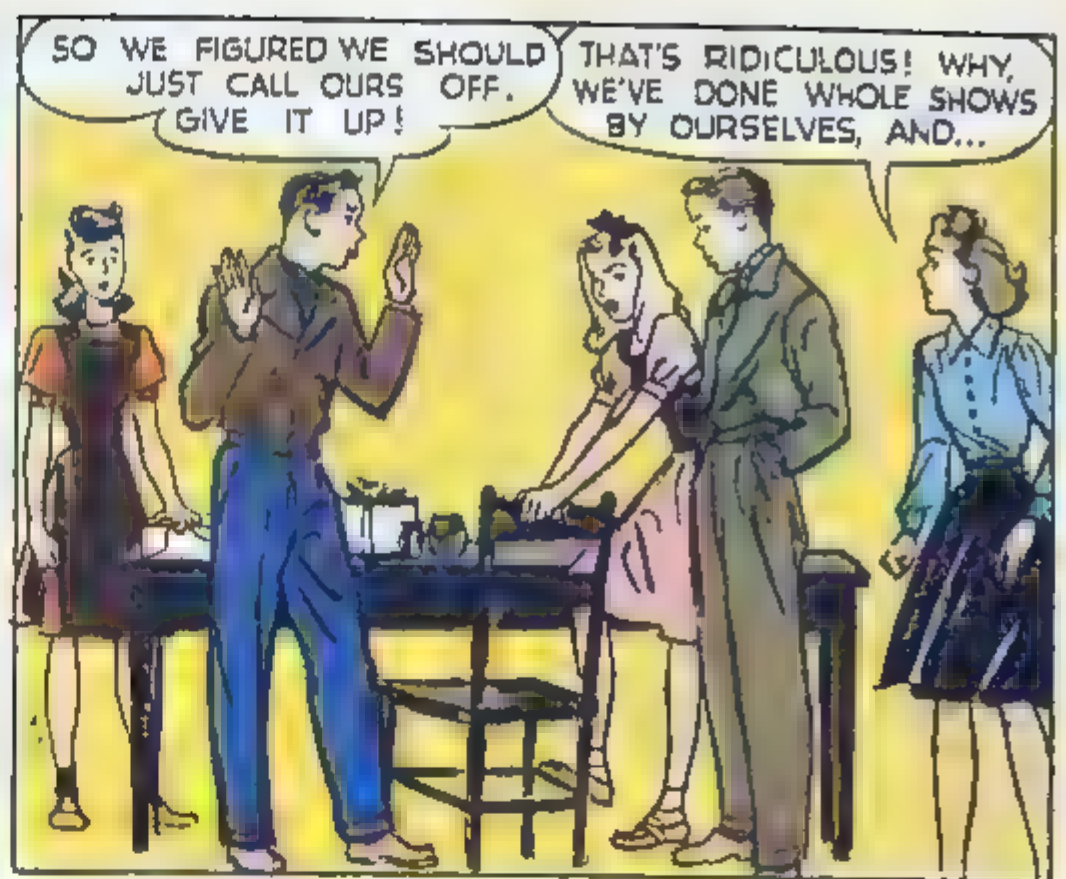
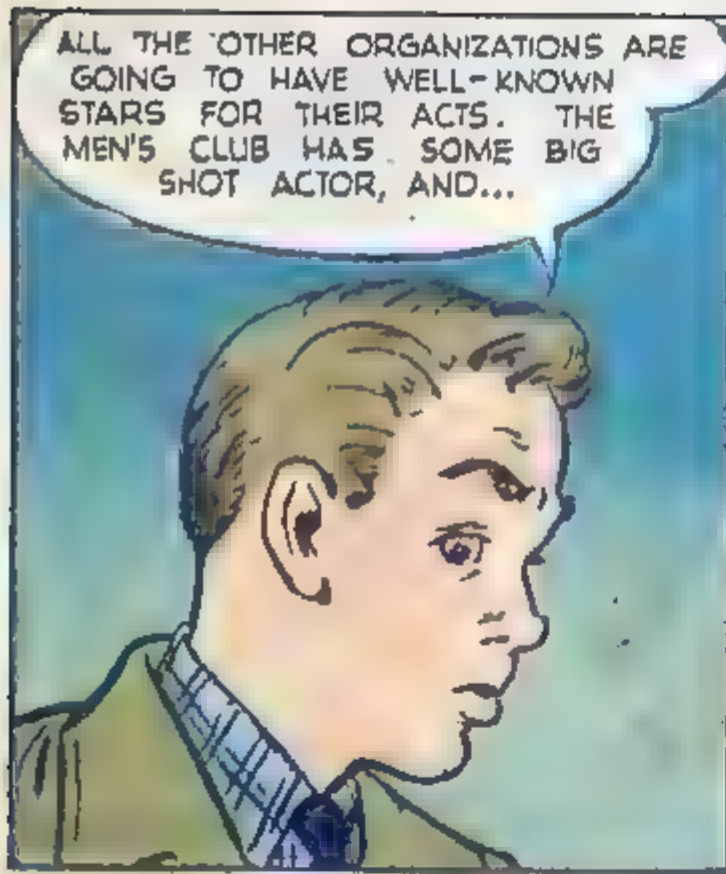
AFTER ALL, WE HAVE TO COMPETE WITH THE OTHER CLUBS. YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE THE WORST SHOWING, DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT! WE'RE HURRYING.











"I JUST KNOW... HE WON'T ASK ME AGAIN!"

- Sure he will. He'll ask you for more dates. So will other boys. But you'll need a lot more pep than you had tonight.
- Watch your step. One of the *first* things you'll want to do is check up on what you're *eating*. For when Malnutrition dates you up—you're sunk. How *could* you feel and look radiant, with Malnutrition cramping your style?
- To sidestep Malnutrition, the old date-breaker, choose the right foods in the right combinations. Why take a chance on being a one-date girl?
- Pillsbury wants to help you choose the right foods. That's why we have prepared a fascinating, new, illustrated booklet called "COOKIN' UP KITCHEN DATES." It's yours for the asking. It puts sparkle into the story of essential foods and how to combine them, in building buoyant health. It contains recipe hints that will be fun to try out with the crowd. So, send for this up-to-the-minute, free booklet and invite the boys into the kitchen. "KITCHEN DATES," you know, are right in tune with the times!

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

FREE



FASCINATING
BOOK ABOUT
WARTIME EATING

Foods Education Dept. D-45
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Please send me, **FREE**, the lively, new, illustrated booklet, "COOKIN' UP KITCHEN DATES."

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

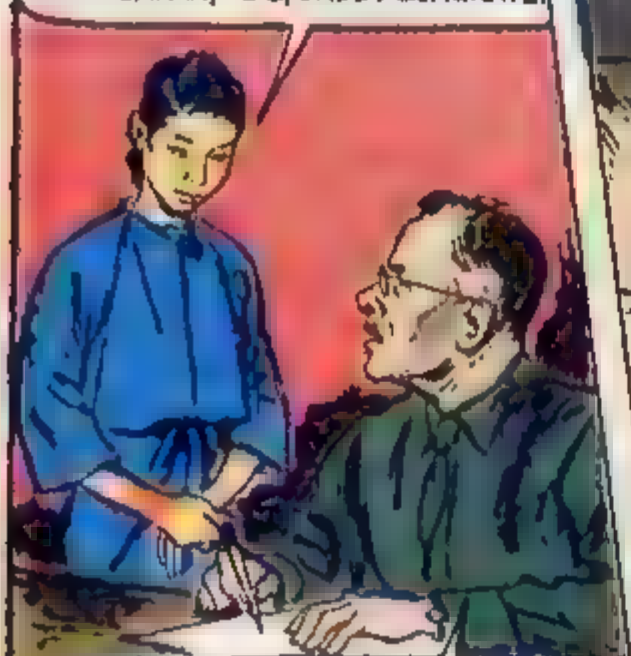


SERGEANT LITTLE BAWK

THE TRUE STORY OF A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BURMESE NURSE ON THE STAFF OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL GORDON (DADDY) SEAGRAVE, AN AMERICAN DOCTOR, FORMERLY ATTACHED TO THE BRITISH SIXTH ARMY IN BURMA

SOON AFTER PEARL HARBOR...

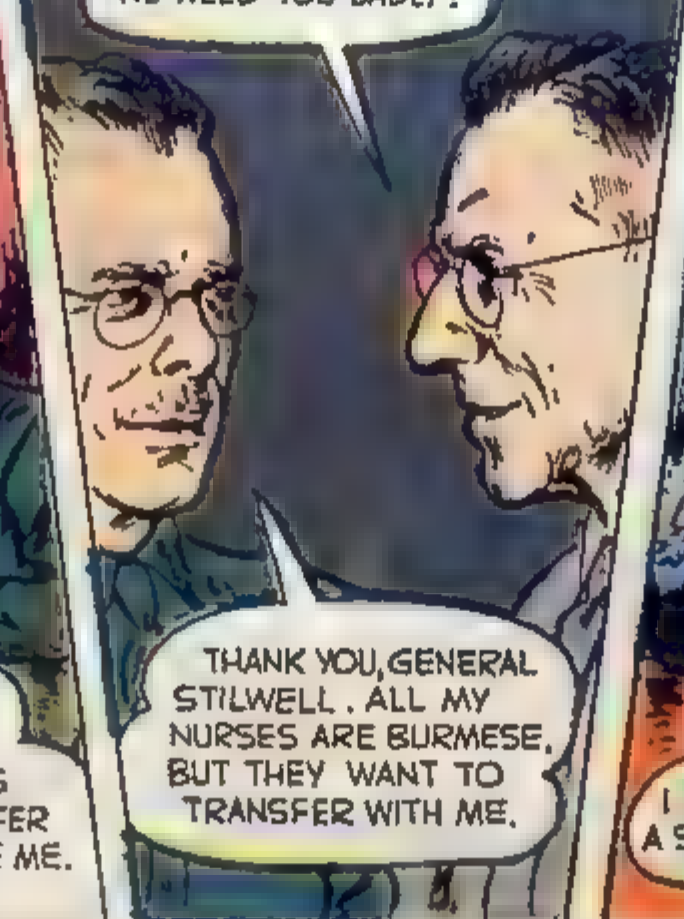
NOW YOUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR WITH JAPAN, TOO, DADDY SEAGRAVE.



YES, LITTLE BAWK. GENERAL STILWELL HAS BEEN MADE HEAD OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN BURMA. I'D LIKE TO TRANSFER TO HIS STAFF — IF HE'LL HAVE ME.

LATER...

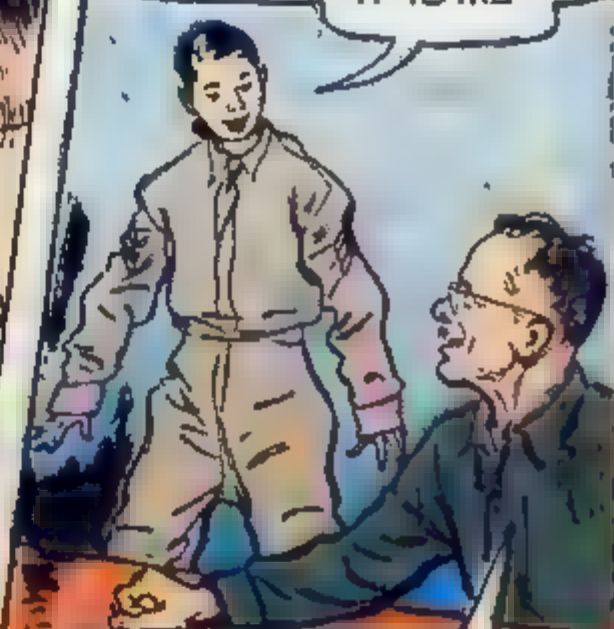
HAVE YOU? WHY, MAN, WE NEED YOU BADLY!



THANK YOU, GENERAL STILWELL. ALL MY NURSES ARE BURMESE, BUT THEY WANT TO TRANSFER WITH ME.

SO LITTLE BAWK BECAME AN UNOFFICIAL MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

DADDY! LOOK AT MY UNIFORM! THE QUARTERMASTER GAVE IT TO ME!



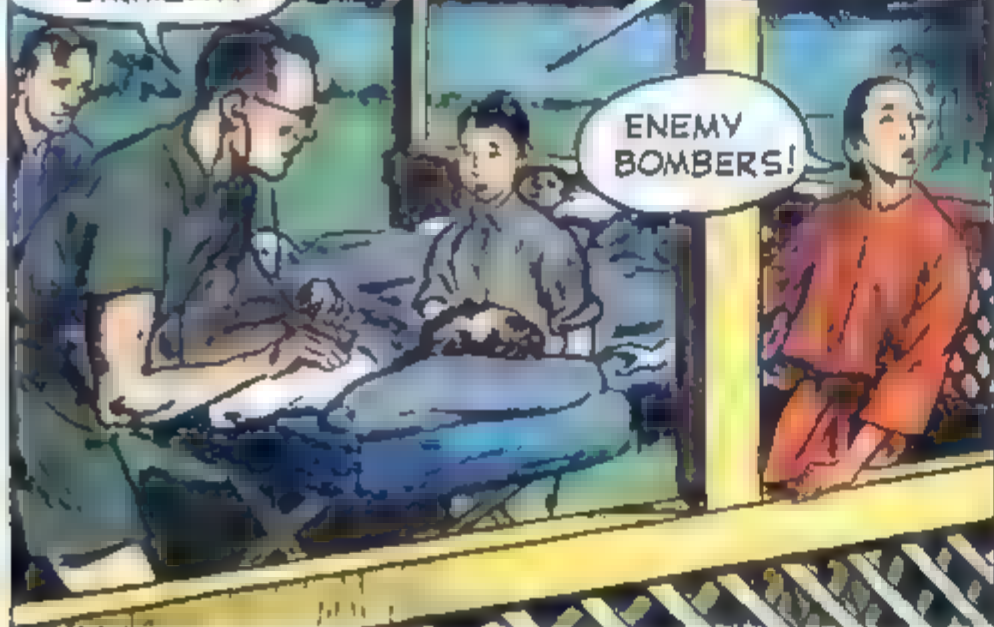
I SEE YOU'VE ELECTED YOURSELF A SERGEANT. NICE WORK, LITTLE BAWK.

THE MEDICAL UNIT SET UP A MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL AT THE FRONT.

LITTLE BAWK, YOU MUST TAKE A REST. YOU'VE WORKED THIRTY-SIX HOURS STRAIGHT.

BUT THE AMBULANCES KEEP BRINGING IN SO MANY CASUALTIES.

ENEMY BOMBERS!



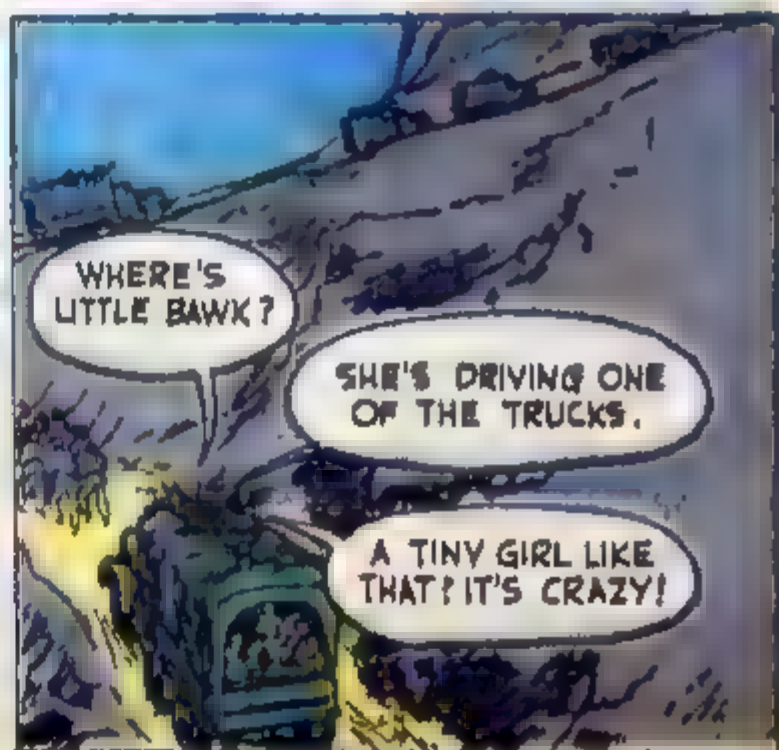
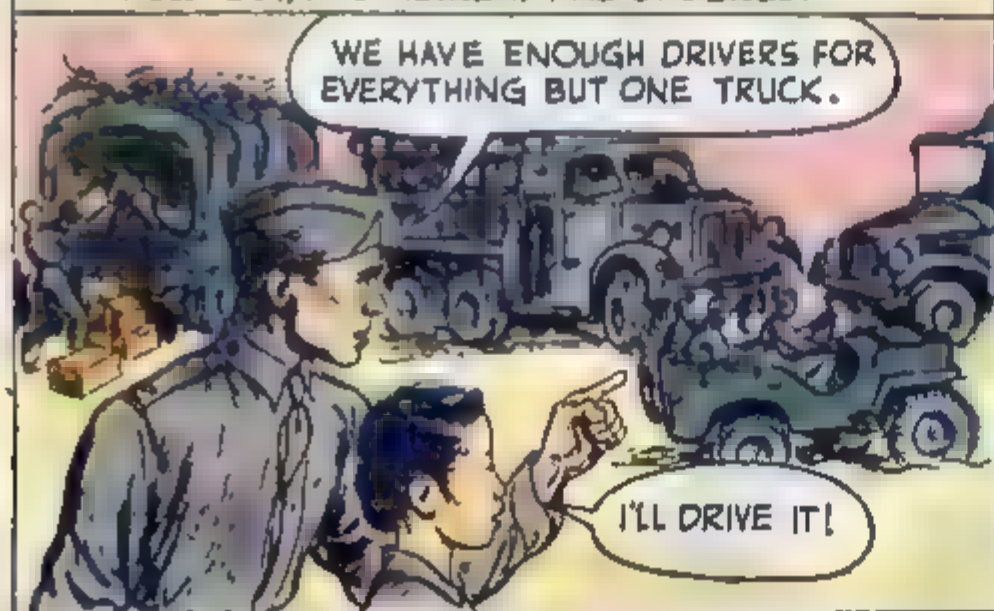
LITTLE BAWK, LIE DOWN!

NO, I HAVE WORK TO DO. JUST DON'T LET DADDY GET HURT.

BUT THE TIME CAME WHEN THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICAN AND CHINESE FORCES COULD NO LONGER HOLD OUT, AND RETREAT WAS ORDERED.

WE HAVE ENOUGH DRIVERS FOR EVERYTHING BUT ONE TRUCK.

I'LL DRIVE IT!



WHERE'S LITTLE BAWK?

SHE'S DRIVING ONE OF THE TRUCKS.

A TINY GIRL LIKE THAT? IT'S CRAZY!

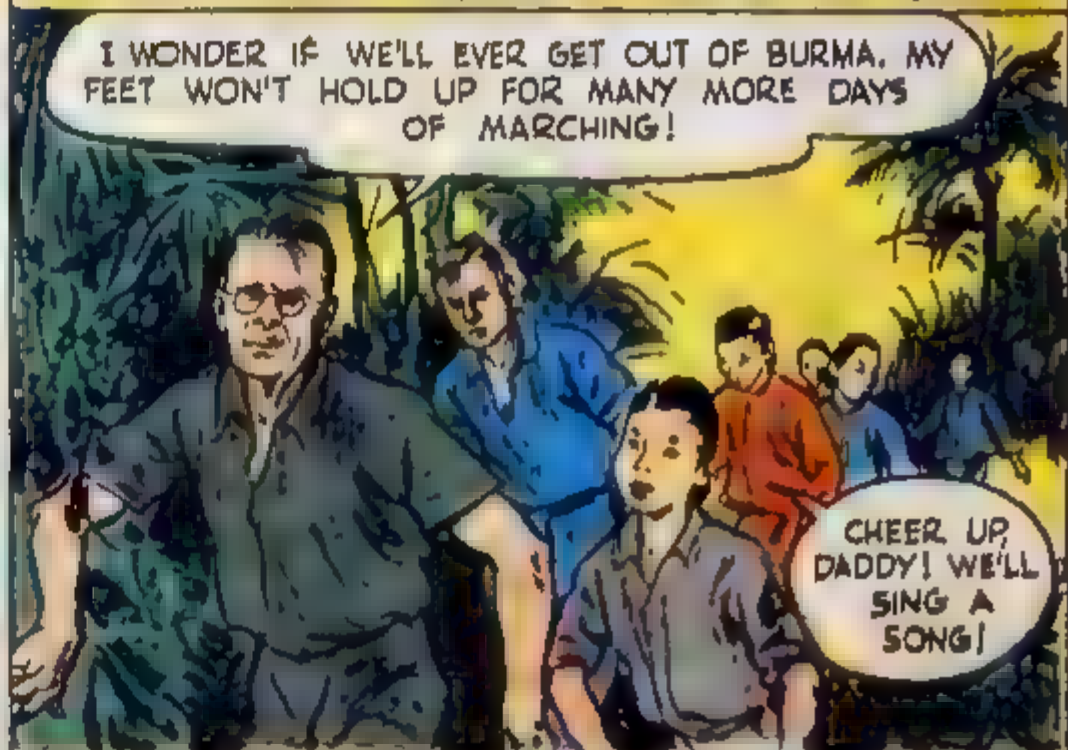
LITTLE BAWK, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED SUCH A DANGEROUS STUNT!

I WON'T AGAIN, DADDY. THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD. FROM HERE WE TRAVEL ON FOOT.



AFTER A WEEK OF STRUGGLING THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

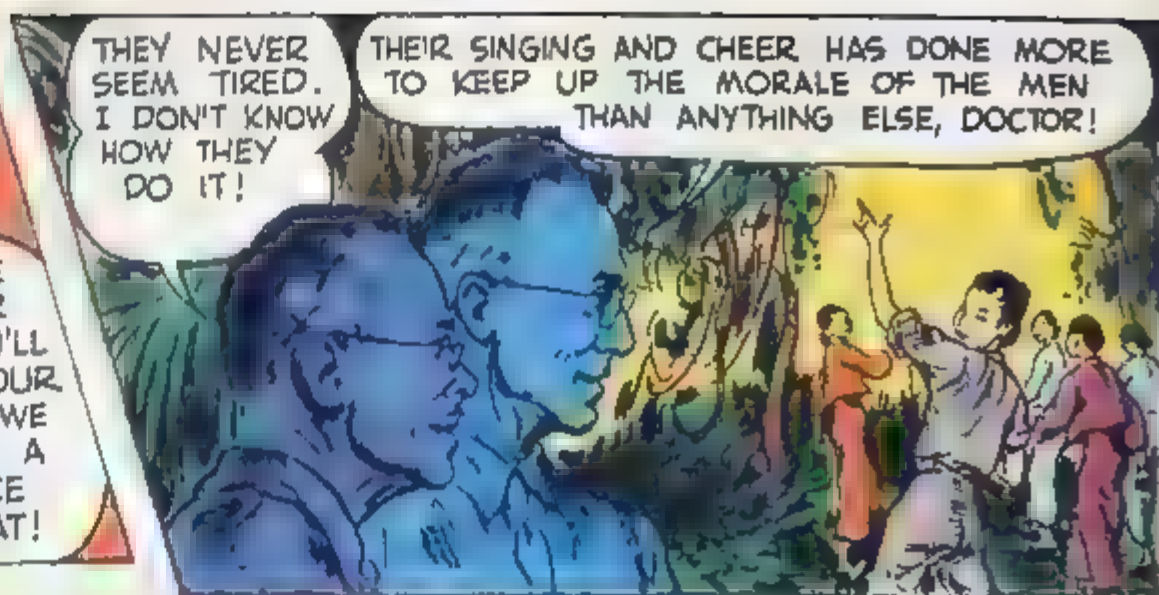
I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER GET OUT OF BURMA. MY FEET WON'T HOLD UP FOR MANY MORE DAYS OF MARCHING!



CHEER UP, DADDY! WE'LL SING A SONG!



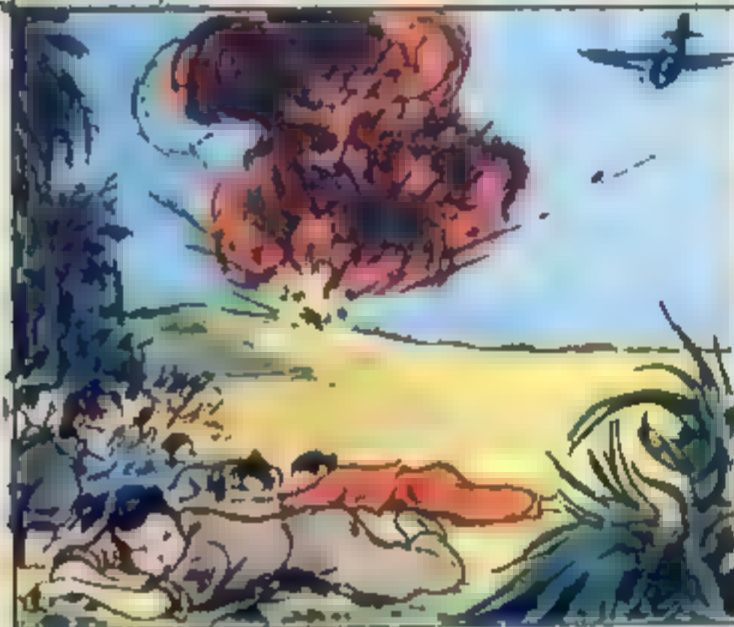
WHEN WE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, I'LL BANDAGE YOUR FEET, AND WE EVEN HAVE A LITTLE RICE LEFT TO EAT!



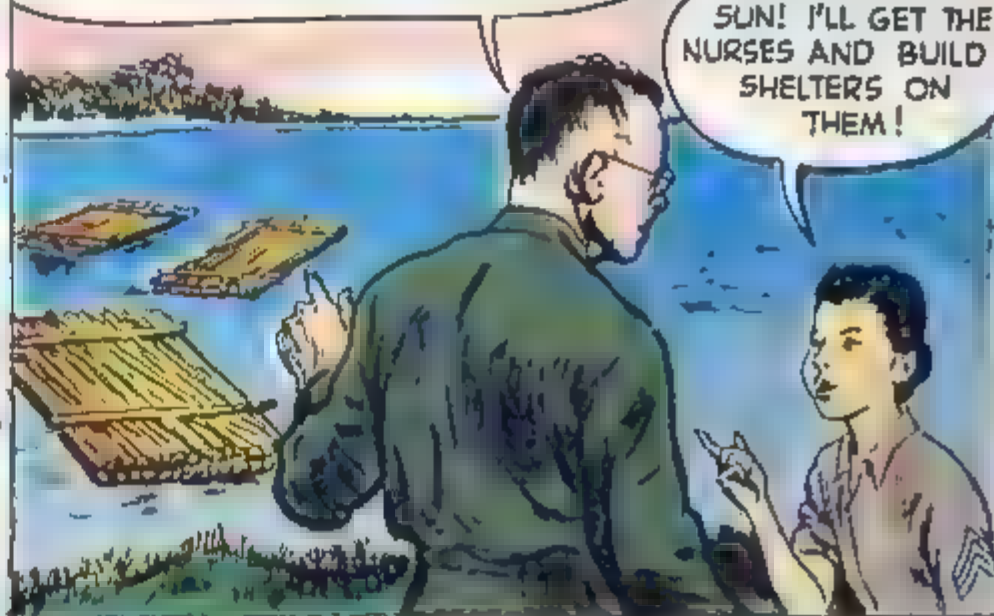
THEY NEVER SEEM TIRED. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT!

THEIR SINGING AND CHEER HAS DONE MORE TO KEEP UP THE MORALE OF THE MEN THAN ANYTHING ELSE, DOCTOR!

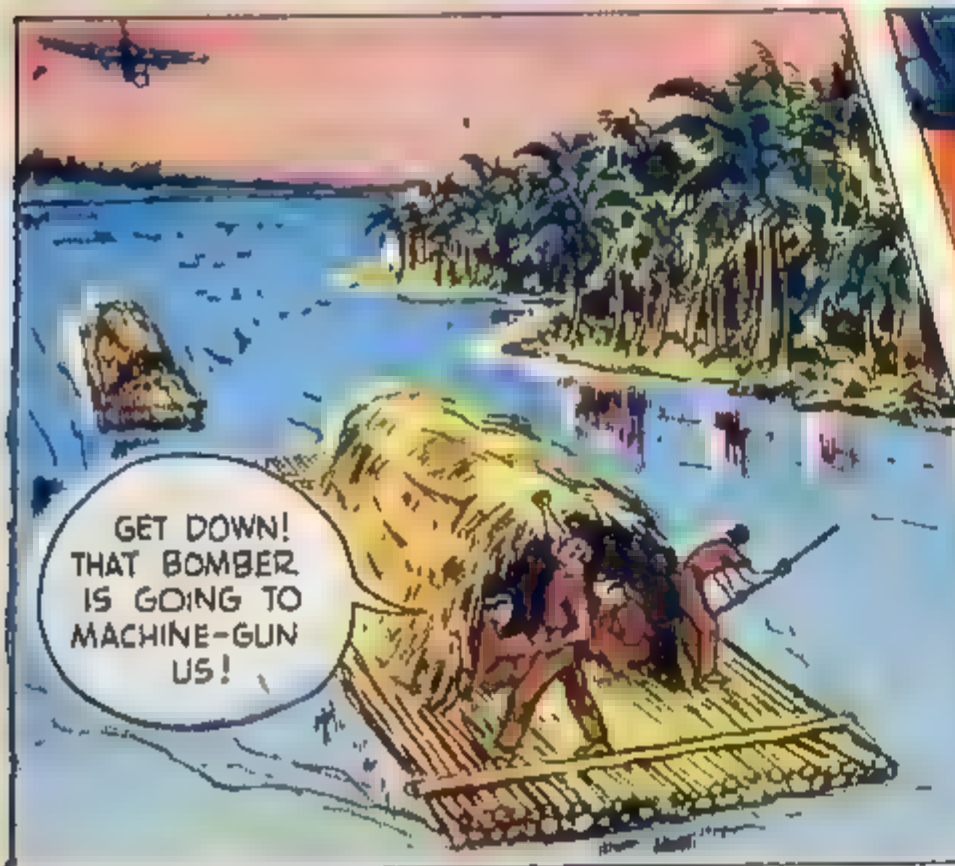
FOR TWENTY TORTUROUS DAYS, THE ALLIED BAND STRUGGLED ON, SUFFERING HEAT, RAIN, INSECTS, STARVATION...AND ENEMY BOMBING



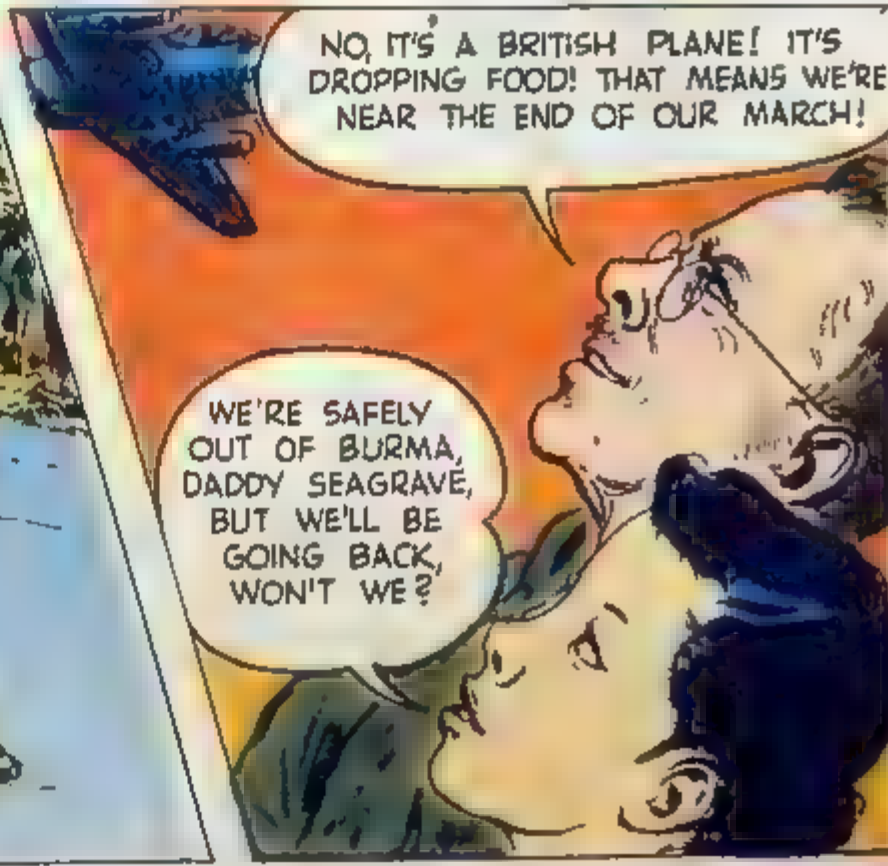
IT'LL BE EASIER NOW, LITTLE BAWK. WE CAN GO DOWN THE RIVER ON THESE RAFTS!



BUT THEY'RE ALL EXPOSED TO THE SUN! I'LL GET THE NURSES AND BUILD SHELTERS ON THEM!



GET DOWN! THAT BOMBER IS GOING TO MACHINE-GUN US!



NO, IT'S A BRITISH PLANE! IT'S DROPPING FOOD! THAT MEANS WE'RE NEAR THE END OF OUR MARCH!

WE'RE SAFELY OUT OF BURMA, DADDY SEAGRAVE, BUT WE'LL BE GOING BACK, WON'T WE?

THE ALLIES HAVE PROMISED TO TAKE BURMA AGAIN, AND WHEN THEY DO, LITTLE BAWK AND ALL THE OTHER BURMESE NURSES WILL BE WITH THEM, HELPING OUR FIGHTERS WITH CARE AND CHEER TO VICTORY!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR!

At Once!



"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Here's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

—FOR EVERY GIRL—

WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm

Part of Contents

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedias; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guarini's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT OF YOUR APPEARANCE and PERSONALITY

Now you can have an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY", by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which tells you in exact detail how thousands of others have dramatized their charming points—and achieved astonishing popularity. You, too, can learn—almost at a glance—how to highlight your most favorable characteristics of figure, of face, of mannerisms, of intellect. You, too, can learn how to be an interesting companion and conversationalist. You, too, can learn to be the kind of a girl that other girls envy and boys admire. "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" reveals to you the "mysteries" of feminine appeal and how you can quickly develop your own enticing charms.

FREE!

When you order
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